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The Week

SECRETARY Kellogg has submitted a draft treaty, embodying his proposal for the outlawry of war, to Great Britain, Germany, Italy and Japan. It is a simple document, merely providing for the condemnation of war "for the solution of international controversy," and its renunciation "as an instrument of national policy." It makes allowance for none of the four reservations of M. Briand, and the feelings of the French have been hurt, both by this fact and because they were not warned that the draft treaty was about to be let loose upon the waiting world. They had hoped that France and the United States, having at last ironed out their differences, would jointly submit a compromise treaty to the other powers. Instead, what Secretary Kellogg has done is in effect to drop the negotiations with France and begin them afresh with all five of the chief powers.

IF THE surprise of the French is genuine it is somewhat naïve. From the beginning, Mr. Kellogg has resisted not only the suggestion of a bilateral treaty, but every implication that the negotiations between France and the United States stood on any special footing. His sudden production of a draft treaty may have been tactless, but it was thoroughly in accord with his previous policy. Needless to say, enormous difficulties must be surmounted before it is accepted. The French reservations which, there is good reason to believe, were written after consultation with Britain and Germany, probably constitute the minimum which these powers regard as necessary to safeguard their existing obligations under the League, Locarno and the special treaties of France. Italy, as Mussolini has told us, looks forward to the time when she will have men enough to go out and fight for what she regards as her "rights," and is not likely to look with favor on a treaty which would make it impossible for her to do so. Even the American Senate will probably make some objection, perhaps centering around the Monroe Doctrine. Yet it remains true that, for the first time in history, the strongest power in the world has proposed to six of the seven other chief powers (Russia being omitted) a formal treaty repudiating war. That fact has an historic significance which should not go unnoted.

PRESIDENT Coolidge, addressing the D. A. R., says in effect that the War of the American Revolution was fought for states' rights and the abstention of the government from private business. This outlines a new thesis for the thematic historians. We expect to hear next that the Revolution was fought for prohibition, in view of the Boston Tea Party. Indeed, it would not be stretching history very much to say that it was fought to subdue private monopoly, and especially against the chain stores. For was it not the privilege, given to the British East India Company, of marketing its own tea direct to American consumers instead of selling it as of old through American merchants, which led to the boycott and the throwing of the tea into Boston harbor? There is a hint in this use of history, too, for Governor Smith and the Democrats. They could say, with a good show of accuracy, that the Revolution was fought against protective tariffs

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d consumption taxes. In short, if we adopt the premise that our policy in the year 1928 must be determined by what the American colonists fought for one hundred and fifty years ago, there is no cause which, by sufficiently ingenious treatment, need lack its historical sanctification.

THE whole country is rejoicing at the resounding blow dealt in the Chicago primaries at Big Bill Thompson, whose boisterous clowning is most unflattering to the intelligence of the voters, and to his allies: State's Attorney Crowe, who seems to have been implicated in much of the violent lawlessness of the city, Governor Len Small, and Frank L. Smith, debarred from the United States Senate because of the large contribution to his campaign by Samuel Insull, the public utility magnate. This is at least a warning that the extreme of corruption and bad manners in politics will not forever be tolerated. But there are well grounded doubts that this is as much of a victory for virtue as it is a defeat for vice. Senator Deneen, the leader of the opposing machine, is reputed to have his own gangsters. Emmerson, the successful opponent of Small, paid the money to the two Missouri politicians in 1920 which cost Lowden the presidential nomination, and he has a bad labor record. Incidentally, the depths of ignominy to which organized labor's non-partisan political policy may plunge it is here illustrated; for the Illinois unions, after endorsing the disgraceful Thompson-Smith outfit because of the unfavorable attitude toward labor of some of its opponents, finds itself overwhelmingly defeated. Trading for favors between two corrupt machines gets labor exactly nowhere.

COOLIDGE prosperity is signalized in New Bedford, the seat of former Senator Butler, by a 10 percent wage cut in the cotton mills, following a long depression, and by a strike which threatens to intensify the slump so much further that even the city government will have to curtail its activities. Since the average wage before the cut was about nineteen dollars a week, it will be seen how much these workers have profited by the activities of the distinguished Massachusetts regime in Washington. Textile wage cuts have been general in New England during the past six months, and may spread even further. Certain mills, to whom it has occurred that the cure for depression is not wage-slashing but good management, are not involved, and are still making money. Of course, it would be ridiculous to blame the national administration for this calamity in New Bedford—just as ridiculous as to suppose that the United States is enjoying universal and widely distributed prosperity, and that the national administration is responsible for whatever prosperity exists. It is, however, legitimate to remark that the same stupidity and narrowness of mind which has run much of the New England cotton industry into the ground shares almost every political and economic conception held by the President, and is an index to the type of management in charge of the nation.

THE Socialist party has put its best foot forward in nominating Norman Thomas and James Maurer for President and Vice-President. The function of the party at present is frankly educational; all it can hope to do is point out, in season and out, that labor, the farmers, the underpaid white-collar classes and the professional workers who want a government which is not wholly subservient to big business, ought to have a political organ of their own, instead of depending on the favors of the existing political machines. Unfortunately the associations of the word Socialism in the United States, and the narrow dogmatism shown by many of its adherents in the past, make this an unusually difficult task. Mr. Thomas is not such a dogmatist, but a well informed student of current economic problems who understands the necessity of a step-by-step, practical procedure. He is an intelligent and persuasive speaker, who has been active in many phases of the labor movement. "Jim" Maurer is a salty personality, a well authenticated trade-union leader, a man of great common sense, and a member of the successful Socialist administration of Reading, Pennsylvania. It will be interesting to see what these men can do to rescue the Socialist vote from the set-backs of the War and the Communist defection, and how much of the La Follette strength of 1924 they can retain.

ONE of the most serious steps in the whole history of our relation with Haiti is now under consideration. The Council of State, the hand-picked and unconstitutional governing body of our own and also hand-picked President Borno, is planning to adopt a law for the registration of land titles. This sounds innocent enough; but what is in fact proposed is of the most revolutionary character. The scheme is to oust the peasant proprietors from their small individual holdings and turn the arable districts of Haiti into a series of vast American-owned estates. The ousted peasants would be put to work on these; and since they would have no alternative, nowhere else to go, it is safe to assume that their positions would be one of virtual peonage. Mexico under Diaz, when the expropriated Indians worked cruelly hard for a few cents a day, and were usually kept in debt to the *hacendado,* offers a fair parallel.

TWO long steps in this direction have recently been taken in Haiti. The country's constitution formerly prohibited foreigners from owning land. The American Occupation, acting through Borno, struck out this clause just after, as Clarence K. Streit points out in an illuminating article in the New York Times, a Haitian Constituent Assembly had decisively rejected the proposal. Haitian land titles, like those in most other Latin-American coun-

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tries, are confused and uncertain. They go back in most cases to days when the exact methods of the surveyor were unknown. In addition, thousands of Haitian peasants enjoy "squatter rights," which in some cases have continued for several generations, and it would be a cruel injustice to dispossess the present holders. Nevertheless, that is virtually what was proposed last year by the then American Financial Adviser, Dr. W. W. Cumberland. The land bill, drawn up by his regime, provided that Haitian titles should be readjusted by administrative boards, each of which was to include two Americans, representative of the Occupation, and one Haitian. This was too much, even for some of Dr. Cumberland's *confrères*. Judge Strong, legal counselor to the American High Commissioner, pointed out that registration of land titles is a judicial, not an executive, function and that such action as was proposed would constitute taking property without due process of law. Dr. Cumberland has since been succeeded by Dr. Arthur Millspaugh, former Financial Administrator of Persia, who agrees with Judge Strong.

IN January of this year, as the New Republic has already reported, a series of amendments to the Haitian constitution were—actually if not technically—forced upon that country by the American Occupation. Among these amendments was one which permitted President Borno to remove any or every Haitian judge from the bench at will, during a period of one year after the amendment went into effect. The object of this provision is apparent. It is intended to put the judiciary under the thumb of the president, which is to say of the Occupation, and thus insure court decisions favorable to the Americans in land cases. It was freely argued in Haiti that this was the main reason for the adoption of the amendment. American officials have repeatedly said that we have occupied Haiti for the last twelve years not for our own benefit but for the Haitians'. Over and over again we have explained that as soon as we have brought the people of that country up to our own level of political discrimination (say, that of Chicago or Philadelphia?) we will withdraw our Marines. Yet twelve years after beginning this attempt at education, we put into effect a series of constitutional amendments more in accordance with the actions of Mussolini or Primo de Rivera than with the principles of Washington and Jefferson; and we propose to follow this up with a land bill which will be of the greatest benefit to American capitalists, one which, while it will put money in the coffers of the Haitian government, bids fair to beggar many of the people. It is a step which, in the New Republic's judgment, should not be taken.

IF THE members of the Ku Klux Klan were men sensitive to public opinion, the indictment of that body just made by Judge W. H. S. Thomson, in the Federal Court at Pittsburgh, would sound its death knell. Judge Thomson, in the course of an official decision, says that "this unlawful organization, so destructive of the rights and liberties of the people [comes into court] with filthy hands." He held Dr. H. W. Evans, the present Imperial Wizard of the order, personally responsible for inciting the riots at Carnegie, Pa., in which one man was killed and a number of others wounded or badly beaten. The judge endorses the testimony introduced in the trial (through which the organization sought to enjoin five "banished" members from calling themselves Klansmen) stating that Pennsylvania Grand Dragon Sam D. Rich kidnapped a little girl three or four years old. Whatever became of her is still a mystery. He records the fact that in Texas men tried before the Klan's kangaroo court have been subjected to brutal beatings and some of them actually condemned to death and burned at the stake. In the course of his opinion he describes the military organizations maintained by the Klan "in hostility to the civil authorities," and the bands of black-robed night-riders, not only in Pennsylvania, but throughout the country, used as "instruments of terror, oppression and violence, being thus a continuing menace to the public peace and destructive to the public order."

THESE statements, with the authority of the Court behind them, constitute the most terrible indictment the Klan has received since its resurrection following the War. It is our guess, however, that the result upon the rank and file of the membership will probably be negligible. If these men were capable of reasoned intellectual judgment, they probably would not have joined the Klan in the first place. They are emotionalists, who will, no doubt, find little difficulty in persuading themselves that Judge Thomson had some ulterior motive for uttering his burning words. In fairness it should also be noted that the cruelty and terror of the Klan has in nearly every district been the work of only a part of the membership, hundreds of thousands of Klansmen being leading citizens of small towns in the West and South, as earnest and anxious for the welfare of the country as they were ignorant and misguided. The Klan is dying; but it is boredom and reluctance to pay dues which have cut its membership in two, and not any change of heart. The former Klansman will continue to think and vote as though he were still a member of the order.

THERE were sixteen lynchings last year, in seven states, according to the records of the Federal Council of Churches. The number of victims was the same as in 1924, one less than in 1925, and fourteen less than in 1926. The number of states in which lynchings took place was the smallest ever known; forty-one were free from this type of mob violence, whereas thirty-nine was the best record in any previous year. Georgia and Florida appear on

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the "white list" for the first time in history; there are now thirty-eight states which have not had a lynching in five years' time. While sixteen such happenings in twelve months is still a shameful record, the improvement is notable since a few years ago, when a total of fifty or sixty was not uncommon. It is due, in the opinion of Dr. George E. Haynes, secretary of the Council's Commission on Race Relations, to the pressure of public opinion, created through persistent agitation in the white and Negro press. Ten of last year's lynchings occurred in two states, both of which are near the bottom of the list as to literacy. In forty-two cases, throughout the country, attempts at mob violence were prevented by officers of the law. Dr. Haynes might have added as a factor, the increasing industrialization of the South. Whatever its disadvantages, the coming of industry means greater communication, more interchange of ideas, an increased sensitivity to opinions held by persons at a distance. It spells the death of parochialism, which has been such a powerful factor in this wretched institution of mass murder.

SO MUCH is said and written nowadays about the new economic status of women that some of us may have an exaggerated idea of the position of the feminine wage-earner. A useful study which will help to correct such notions is that recently made by Mrs. Chase Woodhouse of the United States Bureau of Economics. More than 3,000 unmarried women, with full-time jobs, were included in the investigation, and it was found that those with a salary of sixty dollars a week or more are in a highly exceptional minority. Education engaged the efforts of four-fifths of those studied, and the best paid of these were a group of three presidents of women's colleges, with average salaries of $8,200. Next to them came nine principals of junior high schools, who averaged $3,859. The college teachers earned, on the average, $2,457, and those in the grade schools, $1,632. Business women, with the exception of two occupations, averaged less than $3,000 a year.

The Choosing of a President

RUMOR has it, now that Al Smith has been formally proposed as candidate for the presidency by the New York Democratic Committee on April 17, he will reply with a letter giving the first public statement of his views on national policy. If he does this, it will not be done to win support for the nomination. It will be done because his advisers believe the nomination already secure. On the Republican side, the leading candidate shows no sign of similar frankness—his total of delegates is not yet so impressive. Mr. Hoover may be counted upon to remain silent on the issues unless and until his nomination becomes certain. Even after the nomination, he may carry on a campaign of evasion and generalization. He will do this, almost surely, unless he feels vividly a danger that the Republicans may lose their standard majority of electoral votes. In the primaries and conventions, only minority candidates like Reed, Walsh or Lowden assume the risk of announcing policies. In the elections, only the candidate who must take a chance in order to win may be counted upon to speak his mind.

The reason for this method of playing the game is simple, to anyone who has seen politics at close hand. The major political parties, as they exist today in the United States, are made up of a *congeries* of vested interests doing business like so many trading concerns. The going institution consists of experts, most of them local, who are adept at getting out the vote and holding the loyalty of groups. This skill has an exchange value to anyone who stands to gain from the operation of the political machinery —to anyone who wants elective office, or appointive job, or the award of contracts, or immunity from taxation or the police power, or a special end like prohibition. It is traded by its possessors for considerations valuable to them—such as campaign contributions, or promises of patronage, or support at the polls. The pre-convention campaign of the presidential candidate consists in lining up behind himself these political experts, these organizers of votes and delegates. Of what use would it be to tell the local traders that the candidate favors the outlawry of war, or regulation of the coal industry? None whatever. The work of the candidate's emissaries is to find out what those in control of important blocks of votes want, and to promise it to them. Such promises may be of no national importance. Or they may conflict with each other. Or support may be obtained by specific promises accompanied by silence on other issues, the candidate's real opinion concerning which might offend the faction in question.

Clearly, the work of rounding up delegates is a delicate task, which may easily go awry. If it is proceeding well, but is not yet completed, the candidate's role is masterful silence, lest he blow down the house of cards with too vigorous a breath. If it is proceeding badly, the candidate may speak, in the hope of disturbing his rival's edifice and setting in motion toward himself some current which the politicians cannot entirely control. Even in elections, when some pretence at least must be made of appeal to the individual voter, those who are supported by powerful aggregations of machines and interests must watch their step. It is better not to say anything definite. Slogans must seek a common denominator of all wishes and intelligences, and that denominator is likely to be very low indeed. The usefulness of such a low denominator, when the real work of collecting votes is being done by a well fed herd of retainers, is illustrated by Harding's "normalcy," and by Coolidge's "economy" and "prosperity."

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So it happens that the voters are likely to be confronted by a choice between two men for President of the United States, neither of whom has earned the nomination through a clear public statement of his proposed policy on important issues. We do not mean to imply that either will have achieved his chance solely by a series of private promises to interested factions. Each has many sincere admirers, who are willing to lend their support on the basis of his record alone, or because of a favorable estimate of his personality. In the case of Smith particularly, much adherence will have been won by the general plea that this is the only man available who has a chance to win, and so to lead the starved party to a full dinner pail. But whether much or little compromised by specific obligations to specific groups, both men will have approached their ends without any specific obligations undertaken to the whole public. So far, we have from Smith the shabby declaration in favor of a return to Jeffersonian democracy, and from Hoover the Janus-faced promise, both to carry on the Coolidge policies and to deal constructively with our national problems—surely, if it means anything at all, a contradiction in terms.

Once the nomination is settled, there is, to be sure, a chance of more fruitful debate. In some way or other Smith must contrive to add to the electoral votes of the solid South, which he is virtually certain to receive, enough others in the East and North to add up to a majority, if he is to have a chance of election. For years the Democrats have constituted a minority party, acceding to power only when their opponents were divided or under other exceptional circumstances. A policy of discreet evasion while the machine does its work would be fruitless in the election—that is a type of tactics available only to the Republicans. A Democrat, to be successful, would have to shake loose existing loyalties, to start flowing a tide which could not be dammed by the usual devices of campaign funds and political manipulation, but which would carry the politicians before it. Perhaps Al Smith's reply to the New York Democrats will signalize his appreciation of this need. If it does so, it will have come none too early to be of service. The sort of independent support required can scarcely be called forth during the rush of a summer campaign.

So far, these remarks have seemed extremely cynical as to the real usefulness and validity of the American political system. We believe they are no more so than the situation warrants. Yet it would be amiss not to point out that the system has been, and may still be, used more fruitfully. There are occasionally times of crisis, when issues bite deep enough to demand attention, in spite of the dislike of politicians to recognize them. At such times political discussion is likely to assume more dignity and importance, because the reigning issue dwarfs the particularistic aims which ordinarily rule the candidates. Lacking such a self-assertive issue, the only hope is, of course, a reconstruction of the parties such that they will each represent large interests broad enough to submerge the petty politicians who now sell their support to the highest bidder. There would have to be a sense that the national government is important enough so that it is worth some trouble on the part of groups such as farmers and labor to keep alive a non-trading political machinery for the sake of controlling it. Big business is coming more and more to regard the Republican party in this light. Can the Democratic party ever represent consistently those classes in the community whose interests differ from the interests of big business? We doubt it. But until some party does so, national politics is likely to flounder in vagueness and obscurity. Any significance beyond the moment which the coming campaign may have will be attributable to any influence it may exert toward such reconstruction of the political party machinery. It remains to be seen whether, by some strange chance, the Al Smith campaign will be bold and fundamental enough to begin the forging of a political instrument capable and worthy of dislodging Republican rule, at other times than when flukes of fortune confer upon the Democrats an undeserved success.

The League in 1928

AMERICA'S relation to the League of Nations has suddenly assumed a far greater importance than at any time since the presidential election of 1920. The course of the Briand-Kellogg negotiations has served to show how impossible it is to discuss the preservation of peace without taking into account the League and its obligations. We are likely to hear much more of the same thing, now that Mr. Kellogg, with what France seems inclined to consider almost discourteous abruptness, has submitted the text of his draft treaty to the other great powers as well. As we pointed out last week, if a treaty should be negotiated embodying the outlawry of war, it would enormously strengthen the position of the League. It would mean that any violation of the League covenant through an act of aggressive warfare would also be a violation of the treaty. While the United States will reserve the right to make her own decision in such a case, it is a moral certainty that she would either take action paralleling that of the League, or at least would not insist upon the maintenance of her right as a neutral to trade with a nation which had been put under an economic boycott by the League. It is no wonder, therefore, that the outlawry-of-war proposal is being called in some quarters "a back-door into the League," whereby the United States can assume a limited share of the most important of the Geneva organization's responsibilities—that for the maintenance of peace—without admitting that she is doing so.

Under the circumstances, it is important to know

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where the League stands at present. What effect is it exerting upon Europe, and how large is its potential strength, if a major crisis were to arise? In considering this question, two points need be kept carefully in mind. We must ignore for present purposes the social and humanitarian activities of the League which, useful and successful as they are, would certainly be carried on in other ways did not the Geneva organization exist. Second, we should distinguish between the influence of the League and the general state of international relations in Europe, for which it is not necessarily responsible either in fact or in theory. At the moment, the European skies are fairly bright. The greatest difficulty of all, the relationship between France and Germany, has been ameliorated by the Dawes Plan, the economic agreements and the conciliatory and able diplomacy of Dr. Stresemann. Russia, the great question-mark, is at present following a policy of *rapprochement* with western Europe unequaled at any other time since 1917. The Balkan powers have lately gone in for a series of agreements among themselves which somewhat reduce the likelihood of another war in that region. Even Mussolini has little to say nowadays about his colonial aspirations which contain such a threat to France —partly because he has discovered that for the present he can use Italy's surplus population profitably in his agricultural plans at home, and partly because, despite all his urgent propaganda, the Italian birth rate is declining with the amazing speed of 4 percent per annum.

How much of this improvement may be credited to the League? The only honest answer is: very little. The new relationship between France and Germany has been aided through conversations at Geneva; but most of these were private and unofficial conversations, and moreover, Germany's entrance into the League was the result, not the cause, of her changed attitude. Russia's amiability has been produced by desperate economic need. The Balkans are under the tutelage, not of Geneva but of Rome.

The League, of course, has never been the powerful body which was envisaged by many when it was in the process of formation. At that period, and for some time thereafter, many persons looked forward to "a League with teeth" which would have a super-police force of its own, an international army by which it would oppose tangible force to the threat of war. This conception long ago disappeared. The League today has no power except moral power. In theory it may call upon the member states to assist in various ways to punish an aggressor nation; but realistic thinkers in Europe consider that such efforts are not likely to be called for until they are too late. In other words, either the League must prevent war by its moral prestige, or not at all. If, despite the League's effort, war should break out between two or more major powers, it would be helpless. It would run a grave risk of being entirely destroyed by such a conflict; and the most it could hope would be that it would be allowed to stand by until the war was ended and then go on as before.

This situation, which is admitted in the chief European capitals by candid students of international affairs, makes all-important the question whether, inside or outside the League, events are shaping themselves toward peace or toward war. There can be but one answer to this question. While it is true that, as we have already said, some of the important sore spots of Europe are in healthier condition than they were three or four years ago, it is no less true that Europe on the whole is moving toward a dangerous condition with which the League seems powerless to cope, and a condition which contains a grave threat to peace.

As is well known, France was not particularly interested in having the League covenant incorporated in the Treaty of Versailles. She accepted it, but her main interest then and for some years afterward was to see that Germany was thoroughly crushed. To this end she not only imposed peace terms so drastic that some of them—the reparations provisions, for example—are now seen to be unworkable, but she also concluded an alliance with Poland. She likewise drew into her orbit the other chief beneficiaries of the reconstruction of the map of Europe—Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia. On the other hand, the rise of Mussolini to control of Italy has been followed by a similarly aggressive and active foreign policy. Albania has become hardly more than an Italian province. Hungary and Italy have an understanding which is an alliance in fact if not in theory. Il Duce is now fighting with France for domination of Rumania, and seems to have some chance of succeeding. England, whose traditional policy has been to set up two competing systems in Europe and then control the balance of power herself, is again following this course. While there is an understanding between Britain and Italy, no one believes that in case of a war between the last-named power and France, the English would join on the side of the Italians.

The seriousness of this situation is obvious. It has been intensified within the past few months by the new Franco-Jugoslav treaty which differs in no particular from the old pre-war alliances. This has been answered by a new Italo-Albanian treaty. While Mussolini avers that his policy toward Jugoslavia is one of friendship, every political observer realizes the grave danger inherent in such a situation.

If the League of Nations were what it pretends to be, no alliances should be needed in Europe. Not only is this true, but the system which is now growing up is incompatible with the League's proper function and may be destructive of it. Looking back over the history of the past eight years, we see that never for a moment have the leading diplo-

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mats of Europe exhibited any real confidence in the machinery of the League, or relied upon it in a major crisis. It is true that some highly important settlements have taken place at Geneva; but they have been consummated by two or three of the foreign ministers of the chief powers, behind the closed door of a hotel bedroom. The diplomacy of Europe is still in the hands of statesmen of the old school. Since 1914, most of them have learned and forgotten nothing. To say this, of course, is not to criticize the League. Its machinery might be able to do all that its most ardent advocates claim for it. But as things are going in Europe, it does not have a chance to grapple with the really serious questions; and seems less likely to have a chance to do so, as time passes.

The Sport of Lowbrows

NOT much less than a hundred years ago a certain baseball game played somewhere in these United States resulted in a score of 211 to 189. A great deal has happened to the great national pastime since then. It has, of course, become a highly efficient business, paying huge salaries, and earning enormous profits. It still lives—dollar for dollar, it is stronger than ever, in spite of several scandals, in spite of the commercialism that saddens local patriotism by swapping the players around as if they were second-hand automobiles. But it is no longer the big American sport. Others are coming along to challenge its supremacy, and the difference between these new sports and good old baseball is largely a difference of class.

Before the War, no general sporting periodical would have thought of omitting baseball from its columns. Today a certain luxurious monthly—so far as we know, the only all-round American sporting monthly—expressly printed on glossy paper, filled with learned articles and excellent pictures, is by choice completely silent on the subject of baseball. On the other hand, most newspapers give baseball an entire page or even more throughout the season. In the theater, you will notice that jokes about baseball are understood and laughed at in the balconies, but not downstairs. The downstairs crowd buys seats for $3.30 or more, the balconies pay half as much. Downstairs plays golf or tennis, and wouldn't understand a baseball joke, nor would the balconies appreciate humor about golf or tennis. Some years ago, when baseball was in favor with all classes, this would not have been the case. The line has been drawn. Baseball has become definitely a low-brow sport. The college-bred and those above a certain financial status don't play it, don't want to see it, and aren't interested in hearing about it.

Baseball was always to some extent a vicarious sport. At one time every American boy played it—it was often the only game he ever played. But as he grew up and went to work he stopped playing, and his part in the game was continued from a hot, enthusiastic seat in the grandstand. And, of course, today a vast majority of the huge mobs in the ball-parks of big cities have hardly ever played the game at all. And for every man who goes to the game, there are ten who stay at home and read about it in the sporting columns. The motion of their eyes from left to right on a line of fine print is as near as they come to athletics.

Not so long ago the salesman, the minor "executive," the boss, the moderately well-to-do American professional or business man used to go to the ball game along with the clerks, office boys and employees. He doesn't any more. He isn't so keen about watching athletes—he would far rather be than see one. And so, instead of being a fan, as his father was, and knowing the batting average of Honus Wagner for ten years back, he wakes up with the daily dozen, does a little hand-ball at noon for the sake of his waist-line, or plays squash at the club, spends the week-end at golf, or, less frequently, at tennis, and is much more interested in and anxious to talk about his own indifferent score than that of any $10,000 public athlete.

His games are not popular with what might be called the wage-earning class, mainly because they are so expensive and require an automobile to travel to and away from. Membership in a golf-club costs at least fifty dollars a year, balls, of which he loses two or three every day, fifty to seventy-five cents, clubs, two, three or four dollars, and then there are caddies, clothes, the newest make of English shoes and the mutual hospitalities of the nineteenth hole. Tennis is somewhat less expensive, but both these games, and all the other sports of the prosperous or semi-prosperous college business man are way beyond the few bats and balls and gloves shared by nine players on a clover-field diamond with flour-sacks for bases. Golf or tennis on such shabby terms would be unthinkable. The gentlemen's ball-team, meeting on Saturday afternoons with the rough-necks from the near-by mill-town, is a thing of the past. And a cleavage between two classes which is not visible in dress, speech or manners is clearly to be seen in sport.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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New Life in the Miners' Union?

AN immediate, though speculative question concerning the possibility of control of the soft-coal industry has to do with the struggle of the union. The spread of union operation would make possible the setting of certain minimum limits to cut-throat competition. Has the union a future, or is its long service in standard-setting now merely a matter of labor history?

A few weeks ago, it looked as if the future of the United Mine Workers in the leading soft-coal fields was precarious in the extreme, as if the marked success of the western Pennsylvania operators in establishing the open shop was to go unchallenged by labor. The union, it will be recalled, has lost ground steadily since the peak of its fighting strength in 1922, when from April to August it had some 680,000 men out, and involved the coke region of Somerset (ancient stronghold of the H. C. Frick Company), and even the non-union areas of southern West Virginia, in one of the most effective demonstrations of labor power in American industrial history. The Central Competitive Field settlement of 1922 was costly to labor, since it was secured at the sacrifice of some 100,000 men in areas not signed up, in Somerset, Connellsville and West Virginia, and did not meet the crucial issue of the new competition of the South, which was already undermining the Central Field as a controlling production area in the industry. It was a Pyrrhic victory for the union, which no doubt felt that it must secure inclusion of the Pittsburgh area at any cost. It is of interest that the Pittsburgh Coal Producers Association, dominated by the powerful Pittsburgh Coal Company, was not represented at the Cleveland peace conference in July, 1922, and came in with reluctance later. Some Pittsburgh operators frankly express the opinion that the issue of unionism should have been fought to a finish at that time.

Still more, since the ill-starred Jacksonville agreement of 1924, the union strength has ebbed steadily away. Western Kentucky, northern West Virginia, Clearfield, and last year the Pittsburgh district itself were lost in succession. The once powerful union was left, when anthracite is excluded, with a scant 100,000 men in Illinois, Indiana and the lesser fields of the Northwest and Southwest, facing precarious employment in a market flooded with cheap non-union Southern coal.

The story of the loss of western Pennsylvania is now generally known. The largest producer in the latter district, the Pittsburgh Coal Company, re-opened on a non-union basis as early as August, 1925, scarcely a year after the three-year Jacksonville scale was signed. Soon after that date, a leading captive mine organization (a "captive mine" is one controlled by industrial company or public utility), the Bethlehem Mines Corporation, also adopted the non-union policy. A year ago, at the expiration of the agreement, the whole great producing area, which in good coal years mines over a hundred million tons, a fifth of the nation's production, adopted the non-union policy. The will of the operators to join the non-union areas of southern West Virginia and the Connellsville-Westmoreland fields is now dominant. Their spokesmen openly declare that they will never again deal with the United Mine Workers.

During the struggle the union has waged a bitter rear-guard action, with its ranks reduced to a remnant of perhaps 11,000 in District No. 5, once numbering 45,000 dues-paying members, and some 5,000 in District No. 2—Clearfield-Cambria, formerly nearly 20,000 in strength. In southern Ohio, where non-union operation seems not yet to have been possible on a considerable scale, a larger number of miners, perhaps 20,000, are stranded. Hocking Valley is a skeleton; and sections of the other fields may never operate again. About 3,000 miners and their families, some 14,000 individuals, are housed in crude barracks in District No. 5. Only the generous national response of organized labor to the Mine Workers' appeal for relief, the vigorous activity of the Pennsylvania-Ohio Relief organization with progressive labor and Socialist support, and the conscientious effort of the Clergymen's-Businessmen's Joint Relief Committee, now expending some $10,000 a month and employing a trained social-work staff, have prevented dire suffering among the families of the men.

The miners have always been known as great fighters. A widespread rank-and-file revolt against the ineffectiveness of the union policy and leadership has for some time been under way. The "Save the Union Committee" and its relief wing, the Pennsylvania-Ohio organization, have been organizing the defection since last summer. This insurgent movement showed unforeseen numerical strength at its national conference, called in Pittsburgh April 1 and 2. The totals may well be padded with men who have been out of the union for some time. But a thousand enthusiastic foes of the United Mine Workers' administration, mostly foreign-born miners, crowded the hall. The gathering stressed clearly the issue so vital to the future of the union, the organization of the non-union fields, and played up Negro participation, now so essential to that end. There are reasons to believe that the organization of the Negro workers, long neglected, is easier than has been thought. The Negroes might well respond to the emotional appeal of the young, vigorous leadership of Toohey, Mineritch, Komeno-

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vitch, the men whom the democratic John Brophy, former president of District No. 2, and opponent of John L. Lewis, has gathered around him in the "Save the Union Committee."

The insurgents seem to have learned tactics since the *débâcle* of their movement in the last two United Mine Workers conventions. For instance, there was no apparent sign of Communist support in the recent convention, and Toohey and Mineritch handled the charge that they are Bolsheviks and anarchists with ready humor that brought down the house. It was obvious that the men from the pits, however embittered, are not yet "Reds." The Committee has issued a strike call to the non-union workers to go into effect on a limited front in western Pennsylvania on April 16. The result of a year's preparation and the real strength of the new miners' movement will then be tested. Low wages, part-time work incidental to the general depression in the coal markets, and petty annoyances and hardships arising from the struggle, may have created widespread unrest which can be mobilized by a leadership that is not suspect, as, according to the insurgents, is the Mine Workers' officialdom, because of its failure in this area, as well as in West Virginia, in 1922 and in recent years.

If the revolt does not peter out, it may at least prove of moment in forcing the union heads to divert their attention from Washington and the interesting publicity program for government interference, to face the real test of their right to remain a force that must be considered in coal—one that can interrupt production in West Virginia and Kentucky. The right to mass picketing, one of the "Save the Union" planks, has just become a real issue after more than a year of acquiescence in sweeping restrictions on the union's part. In a short, sharp struggle that landed sixty-five pickets and the President of District No. 5 in the county jail ten days ago, the Sheriff of Allegheny County seems to have capitulated in a test issue at the Maude Mine of the McClane Mining Company at Treveskyn. The Company has just gone to the courts for an injunction. And group picketing is being carried on elsewhere in the district.

With April, in any case, the struggle has taken on new vigor, after it seemed that the union was beaten and must capitulate. A strike call to non-union workers seems at the present writing to have been effective in places. Mr. Lewis and his lieutenants may not always be statesmanlike, but none has denied that they are "two-fisted men" of no mean fighting ability. As one local leader said, "The operators may have us licked, but, by God, we'll see to it they don't make any money!" It may be that Lewis is realist enough not to put much real confidence in his publicity campaign or his plea for government interference at Washington. If so, he may merely be setting the stage for the real contest in the non-union fields, with the public aroused to the problem and better informed than heretofore.

What might be the effect on the general situation of a considerable accession of union strength at the time Lake Market contracts are being let is uncertain. The commercial reserves of coal are still not much below fifty million tons, with no price shift likely till they fall below forty million. Moreover, non-union production could no doubt be expanded, unless the labor defection was widespread. The result of a struggle on the wide front from central and southern Illinois, where the strike has just been renewed, to Logan County and eastern Kentucky, could not be predicted until next fall.

Students of coal universally agree that trade unionism has valid historical claims, which involve, not only the improvement of labor conditions, but definite aid to the stability of the industry through restricting cut-throat competition at the expense of the workers, and ordering the market by the enforcement of contractual obligations. Collective bargaining long served the end of equalized competition over the Central Competitive Field. If labor's bargaining strength should again become appreciable by being exerted on a basis that covered the new productive area, through some miracle of social psychology that altered the attitude of the non-union workers, adjustment within the industry might proceed more rapidly. The establishment of a measure of competitive equality in labor costs would permit the normal operation of other economic forces. Standardizing of wages and hours at a fair American level would then operate once more as a powerful stabilizing force.

In such a situation even politics might become a real factor in the coal controversy. During a heated presidential campaign, neither party would want to put itself in the position where the other could declare it antagonistic to organized labor. If Hoover and Smith are the candidates, both men are able enough to deal with coal; they might have to debate the issue, and pledge the enactment of a public program for regulation and reorganization. Such a desirable political event is, of course, unlikely in the absence of strong labor pressure.

But political prediction is footless. We may agree that the coal drift awaits constructive mastery. Progress under American conditions should come, preferably, from new techniques of production and coöperation, voluntarily adopted by the industry itself. Such a program would include mechanization and more efficient management, co-operation among operators and consolidation of companies. Constitutional government in the industry, through collective bargaining for adjustment of labor conditions, has played, and might still play, no inconsiderable part in stimulating such desirable achievements. The need for governmental aid would emerge in the process. Public regulation must be incidental, and subordinate to the conscious growth of functional business technique for raising and fixing the plane of competition in the coal industry.

FRANCIS TYSON.

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"Where Will You Be at 65?"

MEN in this country stand a better chance of being worth $10,000 or more between sixty-five and seventy-five than of being destitute." In this startling statement, Mr. Charles L. Edgar, Chairman of the Industrial Welfare Department of the National Civic Federation, sums up the conclusions of its investigation on "The Extent of Old Age Dependency," recently published and widely quoted throughout the country. It seems altogether at variance with a popular statement, equally forceful, that "85 out of every 100 are failures and dependent at 65." That the latter statement was a wild guess, without any careful study of facts as a basis, is conclusively shown by Professor Alba M. Edwards of the United States Census Office, in a special study published in the same volume. The latter statement has been widely used by salesmen of life insurance, and probably originated by one of them as many "statistical statements" are originated. ("Four out of five have it.") In view of the constant agitation for old-age pensions, in view of the continuous discussion for the last twenty years of the social and economic problems presented by the aged, a thorough investigation of the facts must be welcomed.

The National Civic Federation study was in the hands of a very reliable statistician, Mr. E. S. Cogswell. No one would want to question the honesty and accuracy of his factual material, the schedules and the analysis. As to the various deductions and conclusions presented by Mr. Edgar and Mr. P. T. Sherman—which show a tendency to go somewhat beyond the mere facts—a certain critical attitude may be necessary because of the well known antagonism of both, and the influential group for which they speak, to all proposals for social insurance and old-age pensions.

The investigation is based upon information obtained from 13,785 persons sixty-five years and over, in eleven representative cities in four industrial states of the Atlantic seaboard. One of the rather surprising statements upon which the optimistic tone of the report is based, reads about as follows: That of all persons sixty-five years and over, 28.5 percent owned property worth $10,000 or over, an additional 17.3 percent owned property worth $5,000 to $10,000. Thus, altogether 45.8 percent, or nearly one-half of the old folks interviewed, owned property of $5,000 or over.

Of course, the daily press has avidly grasped at so startling a statement. It is significant, however, that among professional experts in social statistics it has met with a good deal of doubt. Experience in social statistics teaches one a good deal of skepticism towards "startling" results. In matters concerning which there is much general, though inexact, knowledge, one expects that statistics will not go contrary to sound reasoning and good logic. Such substantial savings would seem highly improbable in face of the fact that out of 45,000,000 persons employed, only one in ten earns $2,000 or over. What are the facts? What about their interpretation?

There are at least four points on which these figures may be questioned.

(1) Have we a right to assume that the data concerning only about one-fourth of 1 percent of the aged population, all collected in eleven cities in four states of the Atlantic seaboard, accurately represent the situation throughout the country? We know that accumulation of private capital is very much greater in this locality than it is in the South, or even in the Middle West. We know that small cities in the East frequently represent the haven of retired business men. Here is a question to which no one can give a definite answer.

(2) A more obvious difficulty is the deliberate exclusion of aged persons, already in institutions, from this inquiry as to dependency. There may have been perfectly good technical reasons for such exclusion, but any statistical study of dependency that deliberately omits a large group of obviously dependent people must lead to erroneous results. Alms-houses alone, in this country, contain about 50,000 old folks, and an even larger number are maintained in institutions for mental disease. Private "homes" are still more numerous and their population greater, particularly in the states to which investigation was limited. Obviously, the proportion between those who have accumulated $10,000 and over and those who have accumulated nothing, will be very much affected by the exclusion or inclusion of the dependents in homes.

(3) We are told, in a footnote to a table, that "both members of the married couple, of sixty-five years of age or over, are counted and placed in the same financial group." Observe the curious effect that must have upon the final statistics. If both husband and wife have no property, it is fair to count two people without property. But, if both husband and wife together own property at $5,000, isn't it a little misleading to add *two* in the group of those who possess $5,000? Obviously, the proportion of people with substantial property has been unduly increased in this way.

(4) Does the sample fairly represent the occupational make-up of the five million aged? Obviously, the problem of old-age dependency is closely connected with occupation. No one questions that a banker or even a physician may accumulate enough during his lifetime to provide for his old age. What about the chances for an unskilled

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or semi-skilled laborer? Any consideration of accumulated wealth is worthless unless we know to what occupation it refers.

When persons in the middle-class occupations are picked out, such as manufacturers, merchants, insurance agents, the professional men, clerical workers and salesmen, they are found to constitute nearly 27 percent of the individuals studied, as against less than 13 percent in the country at large. One needs to be no professional statistician to realize how that would affect the general figures. It is surprising that this particular point was not further analyzed in the report. It is no use to affirm that "men in this country stand a much better chance of being worth $10,000 or more, between sixty-five and seventy-five, than of being destitute," without specifying what men these are, without showing whether this holds true only of bankers and physicians, or of working men as well.

Thus, on several important points, the tendency of the methods of the reports was such as to present a more optimistic picture than is really justified by general conditions. As a result, it is quite obvious that the amount of destitution or dependency found by this investigation is very much below that which really exists. Remembering that, what is the picture presented when we turn from the optimistic to the pessimistic side? We find the following significant conditions:

Nearly 30 percent of those aged sixty-five or over owned no property at all. For men the percentage was 25 percent, and for women as high as 34 percent. To this might be added the 8.5 percent owning property worth less than $1,000. Surely, that amount of ownership offers a very uncertain source of income for two aged persons or even one. There we have over 38 percent of the old folks with a serious economic problem. And the percentage becomes even higher when individuals seventy years and over are taken into consideration.

Property is, of course, not the only source of income. Employment is a much more important one. The study has found 58.7 percent, or nearly three-fifths, of the men employed. For the comparatively younger group of sixty-five to sixty-nine, the rate of employment was 75 percent. For those seventy to seventy-five years of age, 54 percent, for those seventy-five to seventy-nine, 37 percent. One can hardly believe the figures which follow: the percentage of employment among those eighty to eighty-four years of age was 23 percent, and among those eighty-five years of age, nearly 14 percent. Of course, there was no real test of the fact of employment beyond the statement of the old folks, who may occasionally let their imagination run away with them, but if these figures are at all correct, more than any other fact they indicate that, from an occupational point of view, the sample studied was not representative.

Nearly 45 percent of the men interviewed declare themselves "able to work," and nearly 30 percent "able to do light work," these percentages rapidly declining with advancing age, of course. But when a chipper gentleman of eighty insists that he feels as well as any young man of thirty, it is, of course, a factor of tremendous emotional, but hardly much economic, value. The important fact is that, after all the qualifications are taken into consideration, it nevertheless remains true that 19 percent of all the old folks had no income at all, and another 14 percent an income of less than $300 per annum. This figure, in the case of married persons, included the income of the spouse. Seventeen percent had neither property nor income.

Everything, thus, depends upon your point of view, upon whether you look at those numerous tables scattered throughout the report from above or below. If, in addition, we remember all the qualifications enumerated which make it quite certain that the study definitely underestimates the extent of old-age dependency, the report, instead of being irritating to the advocates of some social solution of the problem, may become very helpful, indeed. For what does it show?

> (1) Twenty-five percent of the men and 34 percent of the women over sixty-five years of age own no property at all.
>
> (2) Forty percent have no income from work or business and some 17 percent have neither property nor income.
>
> (3) Over 25 percent, by their own admission, are totally unable to work, and 30 percent able to do only light work which, added to the disqualification of age, makes them practically unavailable for industry. The comparatively high percent of those still able to work (about 45 percent) is probably largely due to the peculiar occupational distribution, the excessive representation of professional and commercial groups.
>
> (4) Many of those who were forced to retire are, in addition, afflicted by chronic illness, rheumatism, invalidity due to accident, etc.
>
> (5) Of the total number, some 60 percent receive no aid, and 40 percent are assisted primarily by children and to some extent by other relatives and friends. The number of those supported by public or private charity is very small, less than 1.5 percent. That, of course, is largely explained by the failure to include any old people maintained in institutions.

Thus, in addition to the burden which public and private charity are carrying, primarily in institutions, old people represent a substantial burden upon the children and other relatives. Surely no one would seriously claim that thousands of aged persons were starving and roaming the streets, though some of them undoubtedly do. Charity and their children, at present, bear the burden. The figures published in the report show that this is not so simple a solution. We are told that in 60 percent of the cases, children can give their parents support. But there remain some 15 percent of the aged without any children, and another 20 to 25

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percent to whom children can give no support, or very little. Thus, again, a definite problem remains. And as to the large number of cases in which children give full support, what it means in influence upon family standards of living, will depend very much upon what particular social group we are dealing with.

There is, then, the problem of old people who cannot support themselves, who haven't accumulated enough, who must be supported by others; some of them may expect support from their children and others cannot, and again, others are unmarried, or, if married, have no children.

Is the size of the problem the paramount issue? Then the report is far from satisfactory, because it definitely underestimates it. But the quantitative aspect of the problem is not the paramount issue, except in so far as it offers indication that the cost will not be excessive. After all, proposals for some civilized solution of old-age dependency have been condemned in this country, irrespective of the numerical aspects of the problem. Do we show that the number needing support is very large? Then the answer is, that it will cost so much that we can't afford it. For instance, when the old-age-pension law was under fire in Pennsylvania, and before it was smashed with the thoroughness customary to the Pennsylvania political machine, most fanciful estimates were given of the probable cost, which the Old Age Pension Commission of the state unsuccessfully tried to overcome by careful estimates. And if we claim that, after all, because of our better economic condition the number of the aged requiring support will be smaller than it is in Europe, then the answer is, that the problem isn't big enough and pressing enough for us to take any action. The old-age-pension movement is damned in either case.

That the large industrial interests should resist a broad, statesmanlike policy for dealing with the problem of old age, need surprise no one. They have resisted similar efforts with similar energy in the past. Even compensation, so blandly accepted now by employers, did not go through without violent opposition at the time. But the problem will not down. The very persistency of private and public investigations clearly proves it. Commissions have been appointed by the states over and over again since 1910. Massachusetts has had three or four reports. Pennsylvania has had many. New York, Ohio, Wisconsin, New Jersey, California and others have studied the question. The American Association for Labor Legislation for many years has sponsored the efforts in that direction. More recently, the American Association for Old Age Security has been doing a very effective piece of educational work. Some states, notably Wisconsin, have already passed some sort of old-age-pension law. And while the practical effect of such legislation as yet is not very great, the situation is not unlike that prevailing in the similar field of accident compensation in 1910. Whether a straight pension, or a system of social insurance, or a combination of both, will prove to be the best method, is a subject for expert study and investigation. But the whole subject cannot much longer be neglected by American legislatures. One may reasonably hope that the social conscience of the American people will not disregard much longer the problem of proper provision for the aged, only because some 30 or 40 percent and not 85 or 100 percent require it.

I. M. RUBINOW.

As I Went Down by Havre de Grace

As I went down by Havre de Grace
I saw the laurel in the wood:
The hours (I said) are sands that pass,
And some are bad and some are good;
Some are black and some are bright,
Yet all were darker, I suppose,
In lands where laurel is waxen white
And never white suffused with rose.

As I went up by Forty Fort
I saw the dogwood on the hills:
Life (I said) is hard and short
And riddled by a hundred ills:
Yet how much heavier I had gone,
How far from all my heart's desire,
In lands where dogwood never shone
Twisted by a tongue of fire.

As I went on by Steepletop
I saw wild strawberries underfoot:
Life (I said) is a water-drop
That falls upon a rotten root:
Yet were my grave the more profound
And planted thick with worser seeds,
Had I been nourished in a ground
Where strawberries never grow wild like weeds.

As I looked over by Isle au Haut
I saw the balsam in the grove:
Life (I said) is a flake of snow
That melts upon the bough above:
And I am murdered and undone,
But I was not bred in the middle land
Or in any valley under the sun
Where these dark trees disdain to stand.

As I went out by Prettymarsh
I saw the mayflower under the leaves:
Life (I said) is rough and harsh
And fretted by a hundred griefs:
Yet were it more than I could face,
Who have faced out a hundred dooms,
Had I been born in any place
Where this small flower never blooms.

ELINOR WYLIE.

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News Is a Toy

The Re-Discovery of America: XI

NEWS is our dominant folk art. So dominant, that it encroaches on traditional forms of fiction. Titles of magazines like "True Love Stories," "True Detective Stories," "True Ghost Stories" attest the social will to enhance the value of an art by turning it into news. Critics also give witness to this in their evaluation and reporting of esthetic works as news-carriers and as news-items. The proportion of persons engaged in making news is probably as great as was that of the makers of any folk art in any population. The part played by the folk in this art is passive, because our folk is passive. There are new elements in it, even as in our folk and in our nature. The fact remains. It should give pause to the believers of the dangerous conceit (born of the Rousseauistic cult of Demos) that a folk art must be a good art.[1]

News is a toy. And as a toy, we shall best come to understand its possible values as an art. . . .

Consider a child with his plaything. He gets a new one rarely. He prizes it as part of himself. This, indeed, is the prime function of the toy. It is real enough, it occupies space, it may even have a practicable purpose. But its *toy-ness* lies in the fact that the child can refer it wholly to his will. His father's pencil and his mother's spoon have an end beyond his will. If he is allowed temporarily to use them, this reservation mars his possession. If they are given to him, he may still employ them as spoon or pencil, but the end of the employment is no longer the main matter. They are his—expressions of his ego.

The child's parents prosper, and toys become more frequent. Value is gradually transferred from the toy to the toy's novelty. The experience of power in possession needs to be refreshed. Old toys grow stale, and all too readily the child acquires the habit of looking for new playthings. The arrival of the toy, not the toy itself, becomes the event. This removal of the value of the toy to its novelty can, in the spoiled child, become almost perfect. A sick child surrounded by indulgent elders will demand his daily offering. What the toy intrinsically is grows minor. When his mother leaves for an afternoon or his father for a week-end, the return is a toy-occasion. Such a youngster, avid for the latest toy, jaded at once and avid for the next, is in the state of the American folk with its news.

The news is the plaything of a child whose hunger for toys has been stimulated shrewdly, and in whose hands there are pennies. An express-wagon, a hockey-stick, a celluloid duck have a certain objective existence. Literally, these things are events in themselves, irrespective of the tot that owns them. So, the news has an objective life of a sort. But its objectivity is not the main matter: like any toy, it must immediately relate to the public's will. This is what makes news of an event. Take a toy dog. The child calls it My doggy; he flings it about as he desires, picks it to pieces perhaps, tosses it forgotten to a corner, or, if it appeals strongly, carries it to bed. Similar is the behavior of the average reader with the news. The news is "his." Pictures best establish this possession. He can ignore the news, or pick it to pieces, or even take it to bed. When he is weary of it, he can turn away, confident of the new toy of tomorrow.

The speed with which any child is "spoiled" into demanding new toys points to the significance of novelty in the power function which the toy supplies. A fresh plaything renews the child's opportunity to say: This is mine. A new plaything refreshes the element of discovery and conquest. These sops to the sense of power are more important than any objective use or pleasure the toy may bring. Any small child will prefer (if once so stimulated) seven new trivial toys in a week to one splendid toy in a month.

Of course, as the child becomes a boy or girl, there is a change. The lad of ten finds intrinsic uses for his skates or radio set that are closer to adult work than to the function of toys. The American public's attitude toward its toy is more comparable with that of a child of four, than of eight.

But the toys of the tot are useless little things—things artificially concocted for just toy ends: whereas the news of the daily press consists of serious events of the whole world? To believe this contrast, is to be deluded as the tot. Our daily news has an element of correspondence to the reality it represents *not one jot greater* than that of a toy pussy to a cat, of a toy motor to an actual car. Take the typical news of the day: international politics, local politics, the murder, the divorce. As it is dished hot by the press, it is as remote in content, color, substance, from the event it imitates, as the most primitive rag doll is remote from a human being. The news is a crude simulacrum, concocted to please the public, to fit its need of playing master, of "knowing itself" and of expressing its otherwise inarticulate emotions.[1]

[1] I refer the interested reader to "Jazz and Folk Art" (New Republic, Dec. 1, 1926) in which I examine a few of the pernicious assumptions and consequences of the cult of folk art.

[1] The case of sports and of such exploits as Lindbergh's are distinct. These are events specifically fashioned for news purposes, and having small inherent life beyond their availability as news. Therefore the news report of them will not be so dis-

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Not exactitude is demanded of the news, but novelty. Not reality but *graphic presence*. Not strangeness but common emotional appeal, so that the reader without effort may identify the story with his own moods and wishes.[1] The public reads the same news three hundred times a year, since every day it is news. The public looks week after week at pictures of celebrities so vague that easily they could be re-issued (perhaps they are) over different names. What matters is that each morning and afternoon bring the fresh occasion, however stale the "fact." New discovery, new conquest, complete subjective power to assimilate and to enjoy; these are of the essence, in news as in toys.

The question, of course, arises: Can the daily news become something "more important," something more true than a toy? In the "Phædrus," Socrates tells of an old Egyptian god, called Theuth, who was "the inventor of many arts . . . but his great discovery was the use of letters." Theuth went with his inventions to the god Thamus who was king of the whole country, and proudly showed them off.

> . . . when they came to letters, This, said Theuth, will make the Egyptians wiser and give them better memories; it is a specific both for the memory and for the wit. Thamus replied: O most ingenious Theuth, the parent or inventor of an art is not always the best judge of the utility or inutility of his own inventions to the users of them. And in this instance, you who are the father of letters, from a paternal love of your own children have been led to attribute to them a quality which they cannot have; for this discovery of yours will create forgetfulness in the learners' souls, because they will not use their memories; they will trust to the external written characters and not remember of themselves. The specific which you have discovered is an aid not to memory, but to reminiscence, and you give your disciples not truth but only the semblance of truth; they will be hearers of many things and will have learned nothing; they will appear to be omniscient and will generally know nothing; they will be tiresome company, having the show of wisdom without the reality.

We are the fulfillment of Plato's prophecy. The relation between the written word and the truth is not, as we have fatuously supposed, immediate or easily attained. To turn the word into a bearer of true knowledge is a problem arduous and profound; and yet I know not half a dozen men of the hordes professionally writing in America who suspect that it is a problem at all. The report of an event approaches truth in the extent that it brings to the consciousness of the reader the essential, whole context of that event: no event is isolate; its integration with other events, its adumbration into all life and the inherency of life in it, make its truth; and only the report which articulates the event widely, deeply, essentially along these lines is true. . . . But it is no less plain that this demand runs counter to the need of news. The news event must be striking and novel (however intrinsically banal or universal): hence it must be *alone*. It must stress surface, not essence. To be swiftly assimilable by the emotion of the reader, it must be stripped of all connotations, complexities, depths. Even sensorily, it must be simple, lest it confuse the reader. It must leave him free of pause in which he might meditate, analyze, relate. It must delusively meet his sense of power, and to this end subtly palliate his desire for truth. To become news, an event is destroyed by becoming part of the immediate personal self of the reader: to become truth an event is merged with the reader into an understanding that transcends the fact of them both. There is, then, antithesis of purpose.

The answer to our question is therefore clear. So long as the public is immature, news to be read by it must be a toy-art. So long as it is immature, nothing could be more important than its toys. The gentlemen who desire to turn the daily press into organs of "veritable knowledge" are hence not even good utopists: they are like the pedants of a bygone day who forced Euclid and the Talmud on unbreeched boys. The real problem is, not to give to Demos a nurture utterly beyond its powers—*and hence beyond its needs;* but, since it must and will have toys, to see that the toys are good.[1]

How this particular toy can be made good by causing it to serve its purpose is revealed in one trait of the news which marks it off from toys that fulfill merely the individualism of the child. The news, among other things, is a simulacrum of *communal behavior*. The individual "acts" the group member when he reads the news, as the girl "acts" the mother when she plays with her doll. Both acts are narrowly unrealistic, and yet are potentially real. The delusion of the American public that it is in touch and even in control of events distinguishes us from the masses of previous epochs who had not risen to this high level of pretence:

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crepant from the event itself. Sports (in America) are like toys that do not imitate some adult form (as a doll imitates a baby) but that have inherent toy-form—like a rattle, for instance.

1 The reader will recall Dana's definition: "A dog bites a man is not news. A man bites a dog *is* news." Mr. Bruce Bliven has pointed out that this epigram is false. News today may be: "A dog bites a man." As the newsprints more consciously fulfill their toy-function, the novelty is ever more transferred from the fact to the presentation. A child does not want a freak doll—it wants a new doll, and it prefers a doll that is *like everyday*. But, it will be objected, the papers are full of adultery and murder—and not everybody commits adultery and murder. No: but everybody wants to. Good news is a symbol of what everybody wants and cannot have; even as the good toy is a symbol of what every child wants and cannot have, *except through the symbol.*

1 The ideal of news moving toward truth is probably beyond the present feasible limits of the American press. "The Rambler" and "The Spectator" were more veritably "truths-papers" than the present London press. In Madrid and Paris, there still survive compact small groups of intelligent readers who can be swiftly and cheaply reached by modest daily prints whose financial needs hence do not force them into turning the discussion of events into news. But in America, what with the keying of all industry, commerce, distribution, etc., to mass-methods, a daily truths-paper is out of the question. The ideal compromise is probably the weekly. We have two weekly truths-papers in our vast nation: some day, we should have fifty.

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it is the kind of delusion, like the hypocrisy which we have noted in our cults of Power, that is a promise. And it is a clue to the type of stimulation which news should provide. As the child grows up, it learns that its toy is not reality. This knowledge is transitional to adolescence. By the same token, our news would become an effective agent of communal behavior, if it began to suggest the organic contrast, as we have observed it, between the news and the truth. Of course, our news is set in the contrary direction: it does its best to preserve the infantilism of pure delusion in its public.

We have a "respectable" press whose urge to be laden with advertisements and to swell its circulation forces it to give essentially the same news as the tabloids. The real distinction between our papers is only one of toys: and for the most part it is the difference between dressed-up dolls, the pretentious contraptions inflicted on the progeny of the rich and the crude playthings of the poor. Any educator will tell you that the poor child has the better toy: a bit of wood which a babe can push across the floor arouses and lubricates its imagination more than a sumptuous electric train. The chief purpose of the toy is not to instruct the mind: it is far deeper, since it is to provide means of sensory and emotional expression. Identical is the function which our daily news can best develop. We have a folk sensorily macerated and repressed in an industrial-commercial jungle. Our editors who give it fantasies of opulent bedrooms, epics about robbers, photographs of silk-sheathed legs, perform their job on a contemptible level, but they are closer to the life of news than the insincere romantics who purvey the precise same matter under the pretence of teaching a primitive passive folk how to elect good Presidents, appreciate good books or understand the Cosmos. These gentlemen, through their failure to admit the veritable nature of the news, cheat it of the superior growth, *as a folk art,* which their superior taste should bring it.

WALDO FRANK.

(Mr. Frank's next article in this series, "Our Arts," will appear in our issue of May 9.)

The Widow

Like the dark bulbs deep in her garden dust,
That burst with their one weather, which is spring,
So all her memories burst with that one thing—
The thought of him, her April, as they must.
Once saw she, with that swift sight women know,
The scarcity he gave, yet as his due,
Took her stored wealth, her high things for his low.
Against his intricate loud moods she set
Her practised silences; yet field-brown were
His eyes, and droll of look; his whistle had
An elfin sound that she cannot forget,
Or that when he was hurt he ran to her:
He is her very small, wild, blundering lad.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

Washington Notes

IT certainly looks as if our choice this fall will be between Hoover and Smith. That choice, to those who have been depressed by the elevation of the commonplace that has marked the last two turns of the national political wheel, will not seem a bad one at all. If the private conversation of Democratic Senators from the South with whom I have lately talked is significant—and I think it is—all idea of a "last ditch" fight against Smith, such as the genial Simmons of North Carolina at one time was supposed to be planning, has been abandoned. In addition, the talk about a bolt in the South, which emanated from the small group of disgruntled ballyhoo boys affiliated with the late McAdoo, is now recognized as bosh.

The plain fact is that the South is preparing to accept Smith with as good face as it can. While it is still, of course, conceivable that something may occur to make his nomination inadvisable, it will not be the strength of the opposition. An equally plain fact is that part of the South, at least, actually wants Smith; the idea of solid hostility there has vanished. As things stand now, Smith will get all of Louisiana on the first ballot, some votes from Alabama, the home of Heflin, and after he gets his majority, Arkansas and Mississippi will come in. When to this is added the really surprising Smith victory in Iowa, where Edward T. Meredith, behind whom the dry forces rallied as a "favorite son," failed to make the grade, it is impossible to count 337 irreconcilable votes against Smith in the convention. They just are not there. It is now agreed that a victory for the dry Walsh in the California primaries will not essentially alter the situation.

In the other party, despite the Lowden victory in Illinois, the Hoover situation seems to me to strengthen steadily and the opposition to be more helpless than before. It is obvious that unless Hoover can be beaten with Lowden he cannot be beaten at all, and that in the end all the opposition will have to center behind the Illinois Governor for the effort.

When that fails—and it seems to me it is likely to fail—the anti-Hooverites are through. The idea that after Lowden's inability to win has been demonstrated, opponents of Mr. Hoover can switch to Dawes or to some other dark horse or engage in the business of "drafting" somebody, is in my judgment one of the feeblest possible political notions. It is entertained only by those incapable of clear political thinking. It imputes to the politicians who are opposed to Mr. Hoover considerably more brains, skill and power than anyone thinks they possess. Even if they were smart they could not do it; and they are so far from being smart that they make the Hoover group seem so by comparison, which is no small accomplishment. I concede that if it were possible to concentrate every anti-Hoover and every neutral element in the convention on Lowden he might be nominated, but I cannot visualize the friends of Coolidge and Mellon agreeing on the candidate of the McNary-Haugen group and nominating the man who, with the exception of Dawes, is more identified as opposed to the so-called Coolidge policies than any other.

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The situation, it seems to me, is that the Republican convention is bound to endorse Mr. Coolidge, the Coolidge administration and the Coolidge policies. It is bound to adopt a platform in accord with those policies. To do anything else would be a repudiation of Coolidge, but not as ridiculous a performance as to nominate an anti-administration candidate upon a pro-Coolidge platform. The principal domestic problem is the agricultural problem. On this question and only on this one has the Coolidge administration taken a definite and determined stand —not a constructive stand, I grant you, but at least a definite negative stand. With more vigor and clarity, with less equivocation and timidity than he has shown over any other question that has arisen since he entered the White House, Mr. Coolidge has opposed the policy of farm relief laid down in the McNary-Haugen Bill. For a convention that will unquestionably be controlled by office-holding friends of the administration, to nominate a McNary-Haugen advocate would logically seem impossible to the normal mind. It so happens that, without exception, every Republican aspirant either open or under cover is a McNary-Haugen man, except Hoover. It so happens that of all the available candidates the only one who is identified with every so-called Coolidge policy—who, in fact, made most of them and is opposed to none of them—is Hoover. Under the circumstances, it is difficult to see how the Hoover nomination is to be avoided, even when full consideration is given the lack of love for him among some of his Cabinet colleagues and certain figures of finance who have been so happy under the Coolidge inaction that they look with repugnance upon the prospect of any mentally vibrant White House incumbent.

Of course, the whole situation may change in six weeks —that possibility is one of the things that makes politics fascinating. But as things stand today I think any betting man would give odds on the Hoover-Smith combination. To me it is rather a soothing prospect because of the certainty that, whatever the outcome of the election in November, there will be in the White House for the next four years a man with a capacity for emotion. One of the things that rather bother me about the Hoover candidacy, however, is its endorsement by so many members of the present Coolidge Cabinet. What I fear is that, should the efficient Herbert become President, he would, out of a mistaken sense of gratitude, retain some of these fellows who, from whatever point of view they are examined, are a net loss. It will be disappointing if he does, but not surprising. Unquestionably, at this stage of the game and with the aged and chilly Mr. Mellon holding aloof and the equally aged but more irascible Kellogg expressing himself privately in an uncomplimentary and unfriendly fashion, it is calculated to make Mr. Hoover feel grateful to have Cabinet colleagues like Work and Wilbur and New and Jardine come galloping to the front as his friends. The reason I use the words "mistaken gratitude," however, is that not one of these Cabinet friends of his is worth a delegate to him in the convention. They have nothing to deliver in the way of votes, and the psychological effect of their Hoover endorsement is more or less offset by the personal animosity which, in one way or another, they have managed to engender.

Take, for instance, the case of Dr. Work in Colorado. If it were not for the conspicuousness of Dr. Work in the Hoover management, there would probably be little opposition to Hoover in Colorado. Perhaps he will get the state's vote, anyhow, but it is none the less true that the advocacy of Dr. Work automatically alienates the William Hodges faction in Colorado, and it sours a considerable number of other more or less important factors in various other states who are, to put it mildly, unenthusiastic about a campaign managed by Dr. Work or an administration in which he will count as an important political influence. Those who feel that way will probably be in line for Hoover through the sheer force of circumstances, but the point is that, so far as the nomination is concerned, the Cabinet support Hoover has is as much a liability as an asset. My hope is that if he succeeds in getting into the White House he will be clear-headed enough to grasp the fact. The only member of the Coolidge Cabinet who is in a position to deliver anything real in the way of delegate assistance is the aged Andrew. It seems to me that the Secretary of the Treasury is slowly approaching the point where he will become a Hoover supporter, but he is not moving under his own steam. It is quite plain he is being dragged by what the appallingly erudite Senator King of Utah would probably refer to as a "fortuitous concatenation of circumstances."

Washington. T. R. B.

The Theater Guild's "Volpone"

Volpone, by Stefan Zweig, based on Ben Jonson's comedy. Translated by Ruth Langner. The Guild Theater, April 9, 1928. (New York: The Viking Press. $2.)

THE first prize in the Theater Guild's production of "Volpone" goes, when all is said and done, to Mr. Philip Moeller, who directed the play. It is he who has most contributed to that first necessity in such a drama: the key in which the playing shall be set, the tone to be given it. The company, of course, plays unequally, but the direction taken is right. The high, boisterous air of things, their speed and their hard color of animation, are all necessary and right for such a descendant of the Elizabethan as this play from the German is. This *brio* out of the old *commedia dell' arte* connects with Ben Jonson's own ancestors, and moves on back to that common source behind him and the Italians that is to be found in Plautus. The broad stylization throughout the directing embodies and conveys the written style, without falsifying it or being frightened at its difference from our own familiar realism. At the Guild Theater we can see the best indication of the style suited to Elizabethan drama that has been in New York for many a year. Varied one way or another, up or down from burlesque to sublimity, as the occasion demanded, this style might serve very well some of our Shakespearean ends.

Far from Ben Jonson as the play has gone in many respects, it still retains one of his best characteristics, which is the number, variety and strong outlining of actable roles. Of these personages, Volpone and his circle of fortune hunt-

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ers, rogues, sycophants, and honest men, prostitutes and innocents, the most completely stylized in this production is that of Voltore, the Vulture, played by Mr. Philip Leigh. The costume, make-up, stage-movement and working conception of this grotesque, seem to me perfect. This stylization, in the direction of the animals whose names the characters bear—Corvino, the Crow, Volpone, the Fox, Canina, the Bitch, and so on—the producers have wisely refrained, however, from pushing to extremes. In many of the characters it extends only to their traits and practices.

Mr. Henry Travers' old Corbaccio, gloating over the death of younger men than he and scheming to be Volpone's heir, gives a capital performance. Mr. Alfred Lunt as Mosca, the intriguing servant to the hero, plays adroitly and in the right spirit; he combats with energy, if with varying success, the convention and artificiality of the role, as old and as arbitrary as Mediterranean comedy; and employs to their full value an admirable wig and make-up, like the head of one of Brustolon's *morini* turned fair. Miss Helen Westley as Canina—the lady of pleasure who wants a father for her child—in a magnificent gown that might belong to Caterina Cornaro or some great lady out of Titian, puts the right riot into the part, though she needs more precision and thought and style to make her performance really good.

As for Mr. Dudley Digges' performance of the leading role, we could say that it is one of those cases where a less intelligent and admirable artist might have had certain advantages. The truth is, the character of Volpone is, as Stefan Zweig's play has him, still confused. The original violence and evil that Ben Jonson put into the character remains to some extent, in spite of the farcical transformation that the modern dramatist has made of it. The decadence and perversion of instinct that Jonson meant, refuse to fade away entirely or to be reasonable in modern terms or to be drowned by this audacious noise of farce. For either the actor or the dramatist to keep Volpone in the light key of the modern play would be no easy task. Technically Mr. Digges could help his performance by more variety in the pitch of it, less monotony of stress and sound. At present, just as he did in "Mr. Pim Passes By," Mr. Digges works too hard. At that, nevertheless, I can think of no actor who could do the part as well.

The Theater Guild has provided the play with elaborate settings, one of the best aspects of which is the manner in which one scene is superimposed on another—Colomba's chamber with the curtains of the main set showing above the walls, for example. This is the proper off-hand and taken-for-granted convention for such a play. If Mr. Lee Simonson intended a certain dramatic expressiveness in these scenes of his, if, I mean, he intended some of the harshness, sumptuous prodigality and brutality in shadings that the play exhibits, to be dramatically expressed in the décor, his settings are successful. As Venetian locale, these chambers, balconies and painted walls that he gives us, lack taste and distinction, and are, moreover, in their various details—the scene from the windows, the bed, the walls, the curtains, for instance—confused between stylization and mere reproduction. The costumes, on the other hand, are full of bravura and style for the most part—good, rollicking dramatic restatements of historical fashions, delightfully entertaining.

There are many people, hearing of this new venture of the Guild's, who are bound to ask why, since we have the play in English already and a classic at that, we need to go to the German adaptation of it and by way of that bring "Volpone" back once more to its own English tongue.

The question is a natural one, but it does not alter the fact that the producers have made the right choice. This play of "Volpone" that we see at the Guild Theater is a modern satirical farce made up out of Renaissance fragments of a much richer grain, of more weight and more imagination. It keeps the broad and distinct characterization, the bold humor, the lively plotting, but manages to be light and accessible to us. It avoids those exactions that rise out of the nature of another epoch than ours, and that we are unwilling and unable to meet with comfort and pleasure. It contrives to be always entertaining and always actable where the original is often outside our interests.

Anyone who knows Ben Jonson, that immense vigor, that Renaissance pedantry and erudition and fancy, that abundant imagery, practised by the poets, and that journalism of the day—all the "great doublets and yellow roses of the town"—imitated from Plautus, will know how far he would be from our theatrical capacities in every way. And anyone who knows the fantasy, stench, strength and extravagance of his Elizabethan art will know how far Jonson lies beyond our powers of response. We have only self-confident cynicism where he has a kind of barbaric sophistication quite beyond us. His genius, moreover, is lyrical at its best, and his essential character more that of a man of letters than a born dramatist. On its most serious side, the violence of Jonson's bitter comedy would for us burlesque its truth; and on its comic side its remoteness and complexity would turn too much of its revival into sheer *tour de force*.

And yet almost anyone, listening to the play at the Guild Theater, might find himself wishing that more of Ben Jonson's substance might have been allowed to return to the lines, now that the piece was being brought back into English. And this, I think, would have been highly desirable. We could enrich the lines with Jonson's words and with that variety, beauty and lustihood of his images, just as the stage of the Guild's "Volpone" is enriched with those crystal goblets and Venetian phials, those gilded *putti* on the bed, those brocades, dancing movements, and strains of music caught up into the scenes. STARK YOUNG.

Still Season

No jonquil blade is spearing up
Through swollen earth, no silken line
Is laid to indicate a web,
No mouth is moving in a sign.

If you press hardest on the bank
That water has not visited,
You leave no print of hand or foot.
Better to leave undone, unsaid

All the confusion that you plan
In vain—until the day arrive
When stones are broken by the dew,
And bees have swept their silver hive.

LYNN RIGGS.

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Towards a Rational Modernism

ANYONE whose ear is close to the ground will realize that the period of the period, in architecture and decoration, is coming to an end. The signs are so numerous that only the blindest of manufacturers or the smuggest of designers can ignore them. Last winter there was a suite of American-made furniture in the modern French mode, on Fifth Avenue: the windows of Saks' uptown store are furnished with modernist chairs and tables and shelves, a little tricky, perhaps, but clean: the vast institution of Macy's brought its resources and Mr. Lee Simonson to bear upon an exhibition of modern decorations: the firm of Karpen, furniture makers, offered a prize for the best designs in modern furniture—even the back pages of the New York Times magazine section have begun to show, alongside pretty little Louis XVI sofas or Spanish hallways, the latest products of the modern furniture studios. The movement has reached a momentary climax in Lord and Taylor's current exhibition. The period model, the adaptation, or the careful *mélange* of periods, put together by the interior decorator by skillfully combining the products of the attic, the auction room, the reproducing machine, and the deliberate counterfeiter —all these ingenious substitutes for contemporary taste will soon be as disreputable as the morality of the Victorian penny tract.

This change is not to be wondered at; indeed, it is long overdue. Whereas the designs of women's clothing and skyscrapers had both been sloughing off ornamental excrescences, had reduced themselves steadily to the essential line and mass, in one case, the human body and its contours, and in the other, the steel skeleton and its planes, we clung to the style and ornament of the past in every other department, with only one thought: we must not be funny, and we must not make mistakes. This effort has been, perhaps, one of the grandest mistakes we have committed, and now that the fact is being realized, it needs no very prodigious intellect to discover that the advance into a more modern position, which is now only a cavalry skirmish, will soon become a battle along the whole front, with the old baggage trains of safe and sane esthetic appreciation left hopelessly in the rear, and all the defenders of "period" architecture, "period" furniture, and, presumably, "period" living, beating a hasty retreat, or pretending, by a little adroit counter-marching, that they have always been in the van. Today, it is a social adventure to have a single room by a modernist; tomorrow it will be a quiet distinction to live in a wholly modern house; and the day after, it will be a commonplace.

Every rational critic of the arts must wish all speed to this change, and be prepared to urge on the whole modernist movement, in the firm knowledge that, until all our thought about the arts is in one plane, it will be impossible to single out the good from the bad, sincere work from pretentious fakery, and adroit design from clumsiness and ineptitude. With this thought uppermost, I can recommend Mr. Edwin Avery Park's book on "New Backgrounds for a New Age" (Harcourt, Brace; $5). Mr. Park writes about modern decoration with enthusiasm and conviction; and without Mr. Charles Richard's scholarly thoroughness in his analysis of modern forms, he has a persuasive gesture which should win the attention of those who do not easily understand the logic upon which the modern movement is based. His book is, it is true, remarkable for its omissions; for I find in it no mention of Louis Sullivan or Frank Lloyd Wright, without whom no tally of the modern movement in America is possible, nor is there anything like a just appreciation of the work of the Deutscher Werkbund, and of German designers like Bruno Taut; but for all that, Mr. Park merrily dances from one part of the field to another, from painting to furniture design, from architecture to fabrics, from Paris to New York; and his varied theses are rich in concrete illustrations. The use of such a persuasive polemic as Mr. Park's is to break down old timidities and acquiescences; and for this prime office it should be widely read.

With every desire to bring nearer the day when designers of buildings or furniture will pay no more attention to the past, except for sustenance of the spirit and the general enrichment of the senses, with every desire to have our feet firmly planted in our own age, I think it is time that the campaign for modernism should collect its forces. It is never too early to begin right; and next to the folly of imitating the past, there is no folly so disappointing in its results as the failure to understand one's own day. In the desire to plan and design on modern lines for the *modern* man, some of the continental designers have already caricatured the possibilities of our present mode of existence, and in providing for the modern, have forgotten the man. If the imitation of the past is a dead hand, the distortion of the modern is a lame leg; and should the modernist movement over-emphasize partial aspects of the contemporary situation, like the necessity to forgo open spaces in congested districts with high ground rents, it will eventually not have a leg to stand on. In short: modernism in design may mean a hundred things: it may mean bringing the garden almost within the rooms of the house, as Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright so beautifully does, or it may mean creating a garden with green tiles for grass and concrete posts for trees, as M. Rob Mallet Stevens has indicated. Modernism may mean using a complicated engineering technology to produce cheap skyscraper apartments with elevators; or it may mean using more comprehensive city-planning technology, as Mr. Henry Wright has done, to avoid the necessity for skyscrapers and elevators. I should like the furniture makers of Grand Rapids, for instance, to produce a new order of design in every department of their production; but I should be appalled if they followed one of the illustrations Mr. Park shows and turned out stools with cannonballs for supports.

Is there some fundamental canon of judgment which will give modernism in design a firm base to stand on? If such a base is lacking, we will only substitute the caprices and imbecilities of untried taste for the deadness and maladjustment of that which has been tried too often. If it exists and can be applied, the victory of modernism will be worth fighting for, and it will come even more rapidly than now seems possible.

Modernism, it seems to me, is an attempt to use as a

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form something that has come down to us as a fact. The fact is the increasing complication of the processes of living, and the increasing simplification of the products. The life of the poorest member of an urban community today hangs upon the constant interrelation of a chain of mechanical devices, water mains, sewer mains, metalled roads, transportation facilities, heating-systems and lighting units: to provide all these things on the scale needed today, that is, for the whole population, would be impossible without mechanical reproduction and the simplification of the object itself down to the last detail. If bathroom fixtures were painted by handicraftsmen, after the fashion of the marvelous Mexican examples in the Metropolitan Museum, there would not be enough bathrooms to go round: it is only by reducing each object to its essential function that we can even begin to perform all the necessary functions. We have still, I need hardly say, vast improvements to make in the science and art of community design, before the whole population will participate in these mechanical improvements, without a blasting sacrifice of other essential parts of a humane life; but the direction is, I think, pretty obvious.

We admit these facts; but we have still to use them, deliberately and creatively, as forms; or rather, our use of these forms is still upon the simple plane of mechanics and the physical sciences; and we have still to recognize that there are essential designs of lighting fixtures as well as lights, and that our designs of chairs, tables, and rooms must take into account all our knowledge of social and psychological responses, just as our designs for plumbing fixtures utilize our knowledge of physics and metallurgy. Our mechanical forms are not themselves a standard; they merely suggest the existence of similar standards, and the possibility of similar methods, in other departments of life. Modernism can, in fact, be briefly defined: it is the emphasis of function and structure. Its canon is simplicity and directness. The notion that modernism means living in glass houses and sitting in steel chairs; that it means introducing every mechanical substitute that can be sold for the natural resources of solar heat and fresh air; that it means producing couches of tricky shapes and cabinets of oddly matched woods; that it means using stock fixtures instead of having them adapted, by small-scale machine production, to the immediate purpose; that it means preferring cubes to curved lines or flat roofs to gabled ones; that it means sleeping on folding beds; that it means having nothing but windows; that it means having no windows at all: all these notions caricature and sometimes belie the essential canon—that of respecting the function and acknowledging its structure. Individuality, for example, is a psychological fact; it is just as important in design as the physical principle that water seeks its level; and one of the great tasks of modern design is to use mechanical units in designs that express individuality. Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., has attempted this in the interior decoration of a cheap apartment at Mariemont; Messrs. Stein, Wright, and Ackerman have done this architecturally at Sunnyside; and these architects have opened up a department rich in further possibilities.

A good part of the work that is being done, under the impress of modernism, emphasizes novelty as a desirable quality in itself; whereas, unless novelty comes as an inevitable but indirect result of attending to more important matters, it is nothing more than an affectation, and must be just as empty of creative import as the most slavish imitation of the antique. The capital matters are function and structure. We have modern office buildings because, with the limited purpose of the business man in view, our architects have used steel and glass and brick in ruthless conformity to this purpose. We have modern factories for similar reasons; I would mention the new W. and J. Sloane factory on the outskirts of Trenton as an excellent embodiment of formal qualities in factory design. But these are, after all, simple requirements; they concern a few limited functions; and we have still to push these methods into the province where the subtle play of varied human personalities, as in a home, or their collective expression, as in a theater or school, becomes in itself the most important function, to which matters of space, rentability, fresh air, and heat are altogether subordinate. Here we must look for a finer relation between imaginative design and a whole new range of biological, psychological, and sociological knowledge. With such knowledge, our new intuitions of form will not be a mere exhibition of bungling caprice; they will be a genuine esthetic fulfillment. Whereas a modernism which rests only on fashion will presently succumb to another fashion.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Progressives and the Campaign

SIR: In the editorial, "Progressives in the Campaign," in the issue of March 21, you speak of the fact that many progressives have reproached you for not having championed more aggressively the campaigns of Messrs. Hoover and Smith. My complaint is just the opposite. You have leaned entirely too much to the theory, which seems to prevail in the East, that outside of Hoover and Smith, progressives can have no interest in the coming campaign.

As I see it, they should be among the last to interest progressives. For what is, or should be, the big issue? Ought it not to be the leveling of opportunities, as far as possible? Just at present the farmers, as a class, are suffering relatively to other classes. Industry has the protective tariff (and numerous other laws), labor has restrictive immigration, agriculture scarcely anything.

So farm relief is the big issue. And, by the way, if the farmer's buying power is improved, industrial production will be stimulated, and unemployment lessened. On farm relief Hoover is the only Republican candidate who would veto the McNary-Haugen Bill. I do not consider that an ideal measure. It is a step in advance. It would definitely commit the government to the same protection to farmers already accorded to industry.

I can't even see that Hoover towers morally above Lowden, Dawes, Curtis and others who are friendly to farm relief. Could any of them, during eight years in the Cabinet, have remained more abysmally silent in the face of corruption than has Hoover?

As to Smith, he may prove all right on farm relief. Does anybody know where he stands, on this, or other national issues, except possibly prohibition?

But there are two other issues that, in my judgment, should make progressives decidedly cautious about supporting him. First and foremost is Mexico. There one of the most promising democratic experiments in the western world is being bitterly opposed by the Catholic Church. When even so liberal an American Catholic as Dr. John A. Ryan bitterly reproaches the Mexican

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government (see his article in a recent Sunday New York World), it may be presumed that American Catholics generally accept the same view.

It is not denied that Mexican Catholics are being persecuted, and that their Church has been put under special disabilities. Mexican officials admit this. But, they say, religious freedom such as is possible in the United States is impossible in Mexico; the United States has never been confronted with the necessity of destroying an established Church.

Catholics are being persecuted in Mexico. Unfortunately, they have made it necessary. But could an honest American Catholic, as President, remain deaf to their appeals? The President would not need to declare war; all that is asked is the lifting of the embargo on arms. That is wholly a presidential prerogative.

Unemployment is bad in the United States today; it would be ten-fold worse but for restrictive immigration. I don't know where Smith stands on immigration; I know Tammany generally opposes it, and so does the Catholic Church, which has prospered largely through immigration. Of course, without an act of Congress, a President could not lift the immigration bars, as he could the embargo on arms to Mexico, so this is relatively a much less valid objection to Smith's candidacy than is his possible action in Mexico.

Finally, Smith is against prohibition. I have been all my life a worker for prohibition. I believe it to be one of the greatest experiments in social reform ever undertaken. It is in line with my idea that there is no height to which humanity may not climb, if it subordinates its lusts and its greeds.

It is true prohibition hasn't answered the expectations, even of myself, who did not expect immediate perfection. But has prohibition had a fair chance, under an administration responsible for Teapot Dome? I want to see the experiment continued, and given an honest trial.

Are not farm relief, Mexico, immigration and prohibition vital issues, from a progressive standpoint? Then why assume that Hoover and Smith alone are entitled to the support of progressives?

Oklahoma City, Okla. R. M. McCLINTOCK.

What Dartmouth Cheered

SIR: Outraged alumni are always writing to editors. Usually this flood of loyalty descends upon the sport writers who persist in ignoring the virtues of an All-American end or undervaluing the football record of "dear old alma mater." I find myself in the category of these alumni scribblers, however, because of a different reason—your brief editorial comment on the banquet of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of Boston at which the toastmaster and the diners paid tribute to the virtues of Judge Webster Thayer of Sacco-Vanzetti case fame. The incident, as you described it, was a very painful one for many Dartmouth men to read, for it certainly did not accord with the definition and the purpose of the college which has often been repeated for us—"Dartmouth is a liberal college." After a bit of personal investigation, I found the incident less simple than your paragraph, discriminating as it was, led me to believe. I am writing the results of that investigation in the hope that they will interest your readers, whatever their college loyalties or antipathies may be.

Of the Boston morning newspapers, the Boston Herald alone makes a pretence of furnishing important information. The Boston Post is a collection of fairy tales and *curiosa;* and the Boston Globe is a compilation of items from the local drugstores and country groceries of New England. The Transcript gave, so far as I know, no report of the banquet, since, as an evening paper, it did not appear on Sunday, the day after the event. I did not see the report in the Post; the Globe gave a short and characteristically noncommittal summary. Only the Herald ventured a full report with quotations. Its heading announced "Dartmouth Men Acclaim Thayer. Cheered as 'Man Who Stood in Service of Right.'" The relevant portions of its somewhat exciting story, beginning "A reverberation of the Sacco-Vanzetti case," quoted the toastmaster, Joseph W. Bartlett, as referring to "Judge Thayer as having been subjected to a tremendous fire of attack and as the 'one man who has stood up in the service of right.' He continued, 'I want you to stand with me in acclaiming Judge Thayer.'" Then the racket began.

I have had a very courteous correspondence with the toastmaster himself. Mr. Bartlett writes of the incident: "The toastmaster, in speaking of Judge Thayer, was careful to state to the audience that he did not pass upon the merits of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. He did not pass upon the judgment of those who had one opinion or those who had another opinion in reference to the case; that he in no way approved or disapproved of any of the situations surrounding the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Neither did he mention the name of the case. He said, in substance, that he felt that we had one Dartmouth man with us that evening who had been placed in a very difficult position; that, in handling the situation that had been presented to that Dartmouth man, he apparently chose to stand up for what he considered the service of right, and that, whether we agreed on the question of what was right or what was wrong, we must admire a Dartmouth man who had the courage to stick by his conviction, and the willingness to undergo the possibility of personal discomfort, danger, and abuse." These two quotations present an interesting divergence of fact. Since the reporters on the Globe and the Herald were unable to describe the aftermath of the tribute in harmony—one had Judge Thayer rising and acknowledging the acclamation and the other had him sitting throughout, and both differed as to the nature of his emotional release, I fear that this verdict must go against the "bright boys of the press." They have evidently been seeing and hearing things once again.

And yet their difficulties are understandable. I feel that the distinction drawn by the toastmaster was a mental abstraction, since it is nearly impossible to divorce courage from the ends for which it is used, and that courage very often verges upon recklessness and obstinacy. But it is quite clear that the toastmaster meant a distinction and that the diners were somewhat confused as to what they were applauding. Under the situation it was, of course, impossible to express a dissent or to make a conspicuous protest. That there is a difference of opinion on this case among Dartmouth alumni goes without saying. It would be unfortunate, therefore, if this incident should give the impression that here is another college body of regimented Babbitts.

EDWARD C. KIRKLAND.

Brown University, Providence, R. I.

Maurois on Prohibition

SIR: In the current number of the excellent Paris weekly, Les Annales, appears the second instalment of André Maurois' recollections of his recent American visit. These memoirs will no doubt be repeated in book form and reach this side of the water shortly in English translation. But without waiting for that consummation, I want to call the attention of the New York prohibition-enforcement officers who may have neglected to learn French, to the following passage, which I venture to translate:

> I dined with an excellent . . . critic . . . . . [Monsieur Maurois makes no chicken-bones about spelling out in full the name of a prominent New York critic and translator of foreign birth, but I am not so courageous], his wife and several friends. A little Italian restaurant, which we enter mysteriously after establishing our identity. "Prohibition, you know. . . ." We order minestrone, antipasto, zabaglione. . . . On the table, Chianti, champagne.
>
> "But what about the police?"
>
> "The policeman on duty gets a little silencer of several dollars a day."
>
> "Then why all this mystery?"
>
> "A little stage-play makes the wine taste better, and protects the policeman."
>
> After dinner, cocktail in an apartment. . . .

Too bad Monsieur Maurois neglected to name the restaurant. Or perhaps not too bad after all. Perhaps almost any restaurant will do.

Norman, Okla. R. T. HOUSE.

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Robin Redbreast

New Plays for Every Day the Schools Celebrate, by Minnie A. Niemeier. New York: Noble and Noble. 243 pages. $2.

> EUROPE: Thy coming is like unto the dawning of the morning! *(making a gesture toward America's attendants)* What radiant beings are these? *(Thoughtfully)* Methinks they look like old-time friends.
>
> AMERICA: Prosperity and Progress. They are ever with me.

THE above lines are from a four-act play called "The New Patriotism," which is only one of many dulcet items in this book by an assistant principal in a New York school. I did not realize, nor do I believe that many of us realize, the full horror of the vanilla patriotism to which our public-school children are exposed. Miss Niemeier's collection of dramatized ice-cream cones is a revelation.

Some of these plays (all of which will in due course of time be acted somewhere by innocent youngsters in clean collars and white dresses) are semi-historical, others are highly imaginary allegories. There is "George Washington at the Helm of State," "Our Country's Flag," "News of the Adoption of the Constitution," "Thanksgiving Time in Plymouth," and then there are "The Joys of the New Year," "Arbor Day or Bird Day in the Woods," "The Meaning of Labor Day," and "A Visit from Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus."

They are worthy, well laundered, high-minded, pure and noble efforts, calculated to instill into children that Americanism which salutes the flag and washes thoroughly behind the ears. They put into the mouths of Founding Fathers words which would make Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and even Roosevelt, whose generous system was capable of digesting almost any variety of patriotism, slightly seasick.

Here are "Perseverance and Doubt, expressing widely different opinions," here is "Gay little Everyday," who "drops in unexpectedly and succeeds in giving everybody a stolen glimpse of the joys that each month of the year is preparing." Here is Martha Washington, interrupting an important conference: "How now, Mr. President George Washington! should affairs of state make you forget the midday meal?" Here is Prudence, speaking to Betsy Ross: "This little room, behind thy dead husband's shop at 239 Arch Street, will be a hallowed spot. . . ." Here is Queen Isabella backing up Columbus: "Almost I see a vision like unto it." Here is Santa Claus: "That will give me time to dash down to Sadie's house." Here is America "taking South America by the hand," and saying, "My own dear people" . . . Here is the Tenth Scout, "eagerly mounting the platform and speaking in clear, ringing tones accompanied by forceful gestures": "Know the past, aye, and the glorious present of your country!" Here is Jessie, "clasping her hands": "The entertainment in school today made me love Mother's Day." Here is January Joy, "bringing long winter evenings for bowling," and February Joy, with "two, beloved days wherever the American Flag waves," and May Joy ("a carpet of green and maidens fair"), and September Joy, "dressed in green with touches of brown and red," who "slips in and takes August by the arm."

Free speech or no free speech, I would be delighted to see a law passed which prohibited drowning sensible, natural, unself-conscious American kids in this kind of adult goo-goo. However, I doubt very much if the children get any great good from it, or take it very seriously, or remember it very long. In many ways children are better protected against slop than grown-ups, and, of course, their native capacity to resist all kinds of predigested education is infinite. Still, it isn't pleasant to think that some of the youngsters who take part in Miss Niemeier's plays will come out from under them with pink ribbon tied permanently around their souls.

How much better it would be to let the children write their own plays from what they have read and understood of American history. Miss Niemeier has apparently left absolutely nothing at all to the children's own initiative or originality. Even their gestures and tones of voice are plotted out for them. They must speak "soothingly," or "indignantly," or "firmly," or "softly but firmly," or "scornfully," or "jubilantly," or "joyfully" or "breathlessly" or "gleefully," or "merrily," or "heartily," or "longingly," or "brightly," or "coaxingly" or "snappily," or "manfully," or "reverently," or with "enthusiasm," "dignity," "decision," "diffidence" or "grave thoughtfulness." They must "strike an oratorical attitude," "whirl off with a merry laugh," "view the statue with satisfaction," "rock contentedly," "stand up and scatter the blossoms," "move their fingers quickly to imitate rain-drops," "jump up and down with delight," or "burst spontaneously into song." And what a song:

> Robin Redbreast, we love you
> And your nest of birdlings too!

I have tried, by a strong dose of quotations, to communicate the peculiar feeling of disgust and despair which this book produced in me. Despair, because it is undoubtedly typical of what is sprayed over the children in many of our public schools. If they don't get it in plays —and, thank heaven, not all school-teachers are as gifted as Miss Niemeier—they get it in the textbooks, in what the teachers say to them, in the pansy and peppermint atmosphere which almost always goes with the attempt, by grown-ups, to fill children full of reverence, idealism and civic pride. It seems that a large portion of our public education is a sort of dew-droppy West Point with lavender-minded females as drill-sergeants.

Here it is in a nutshell, in the stage directions for Act III of "Arbor Day or Bird Day in the Woods." "A band of happy children, led by their teacher, visit these Spring-decked woods, pick the flowers, spare the roots and the trees, watch and discuss the birds, listen to a bird record, then sing their 'Robin Redbreast Song' and go home." Go home and, I hope, forget all about it.

Some of Miss Niemeier's indirect teaching is a bit more than just woodsy and sentimental. It feeds, quite without knowing that it does, the most sinister passion of mankind, the itch to be like everybody else and force everybody else to be like you. In the play, "One Country, One Flag, One Language," designed for performance on Roosevelt's birthday, children are taught to be ashamed of the language of their or their parents' birth and chuck it overboard.

> CAPTAIN OF SCOUTS: But, schoolmates dear, the parents of those little children are still foreigners—foreigners on America's soil.
>
> GIRL: That's right! My father claims that we

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allowed every European to bring a bit of Europe with him.

ANOTHER GIRL: They live in that bit, speak their foreign language, and read their foreign-tongued newspaper.

CAPTAIN: Theodore Roosevelt worked hard to overcome that evil.

SCOUTS *(all)*: Americanize the foreigner! Americanize America!

CAPTAIN: The jargon our people speak should never be heard in America. *(Emphatically)* We have room for but *one* language here, and that is the English language. (*Cries:* Hear! Hear! Hear!)

SIXTH SCOUT: The members of our Roosevelt Club have resolved to speak only the ENGLISH language in our homes, on the streets, to our parents and to our sisters and brothers.

But this is not the worst. In "The Meaning of Labor Day" the boy who refuses to celebrate or work and prefers to go fishing is scared into conformity by a crowd of laborers wearing paper masks and led by a witch. Not unnaturally, he is "terror stricken, drops his rod, springs up, and faces them," and, of course, comes around to the majority way of seeing things. I never suspected that the methods of the Ku Klux Klan were being instilled into the school-children of New York City. Neither, I am sure, does Miss Niemeier. She simply didn't know it was loaded.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Cuckoo, Jug-Jug . . .

Bad Girl, by Viña Delmar. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Boojum! by Charles Wertenbaker. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

Façade, by Douglas Goldring. New York: McBride. $2.

Heavy Laden, by Philip Wylie. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THESE four novels, written by young people about young people, are a job lot. And yet their authors have accomplished the primary, the most important, duty of a writer: they are readable. Can you say as much for Joyce, even? (Old man Joyce, not young man Joyce.) They are readable, first, because they have the grace—or the innocence—to write simply. They are sometimes vulgar; they are never opaque. Whereas the opacity of almost any sociologist, for instance, is quite beyond any mark that vulgarity can shoot at. They are readable, second, because they write, among other things, of love. And, as D. H. Lawrence should have taught you by this time, you are all visceral.

These books tell of other things besides love, but love is enough. "Bad Girl" is trickily misnamed, to catch the unwary debutante. If Dot is a bad girl, then Pollyanna was a bobbed-haired bandit. The story is of a (white) Harlem flapper and her boy, their meeting on an excursion steamer, keeping company, mutual surrender, marriage, and the Baby. Eddie is a hard boy who can't think how to say nice things, though he often wants to say them. Dot adores him. Both try to hide from each other how much they think of the baby, because each is afraid the other doesn't want it. The story ends with their shy discovery of the secret, with Eddie saying something hard-boiled to cover his embarrassment. In short, a city pastoral. No sentimental reader will be able to resist it. Adolescents may be enthralled by the description of pregnancy and child-birth, which is pretty complete. This is a first novel, a very glad book, bursting with gladness. It must have been fun to write it.

"Boojum!" will be sufficient entertainment to any reader who enjoys mixed drinks and conversation. It is certainly one of the best—at least, one of the most glowing—pictures of university life that has appeared in some time. The university referred to may have been destroyed three years ago, as the author warns us, by "fire, earthquake, volcanic eruption, tornado, and tidal wave," but you can't help hoping that such an omnibibulous academy still flourishes. Some of these corn-liquor orgies, and some of the orgiasts, are too good not to be true. The ne'er-do-well rapscallion who drinks and borrows his way through these picaresque pages is never quite out of love nor ever quite sober. It is a dangerous book to fall into the hands of any old grad. The conversation is surprisingly good, and sometimes makes you think of what Hemingway might have written if he had not been to the War.

Douglas Goldring is a little out of his element in this galley. His crowd of London bohemians, his Gissing-esque hero who never quite gets there, but leaves some posthumous "imperishable lyrics," seem not only tawdry but silly. His is not a sympathetic chronicle of the post-war artist colony in London, but it is far from being an indictment; and the conclusion we inevitably draw is that Englishmen can't unbend enough, or else unbend too far, for a "wild party." There is something about a University Englishman the very opposite of wild; and his civilized debauches are consequently apt to be peculiarly obscene. Not that the book in question is in the least degree obscene: it comes the nearest of these four to being dull, because the hero is such an earnest fellow about Beauty.

We have our own types of youthful earnestness, and it is a sight to make your patriotism quiver to see it loading down an otherwise readable book such as "Heavy Laden." This is one of those novels that, in the damning words of its publisher, "reflects the breach between the new generation and the old." "Why is it," says Hugh (the old generation), "that all you youngsters talk like Russian novelists?" And Ann (the young generation) replies: "We know a good many of the same things." Which is not even very good back-chat, let alone the truth. And when the author suffers his exasperated didacticism to break forth in expostulations to the reader, in this fashion:

> Let's get some steam into this.
> You, sitting there, by God, you've got to see this man and what he was and what happened to him. . . .

the reader naturally remarks that he'll be damned if he does. There are obvious literary precedents for this particular bad-mannerism, but we are not anxious to be reminded of them. The hero of this story is "a young man with Kansas stamina and Princeton morals." Indeed, a fatal combination—it's a wonder the book doesn't turn out to be a tragedy.

Perhaps, after all, the current treatises on economics, sociology and the outlawry of war actually weigh more than such novels on the scales of the Absolute; perhaps, if we took them too solemnly, as documents of a faithless generation, we should find their levity (generally) desperate and their seriousness (generally) boring; but we might as well take them for what they are.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

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Annals of Empire

Empire to Commonwealth: Thirty Years of British Imperial History, by Walter Phelps Hall. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 526 pages. $5.

IF THE British Commonwealth has escaped the catastrophic changes which have overtaken other empires during our generation, it has been the subject of an evolution as far-reaching as it is subtle. The Empire which listened to the Poet Laureate's doggerel verses on the morrow of the Jameson Raid sees a startlingly different structure from the commonwealth which emerged from the Great War. Australia and South Africa have become federated units: Ireland has achieved and India is on the road to Dominion status: Egypt, escaped from Turkish suzerainty, has been accorded nominal independence: a fringe of mandated territories has been added to the Empire's bulk: in the League of Nations, what then were colonies now figure beside the motherland as sovereign and equal powers. One may doubt, indeed, whether, since the winning of American independence, the Empire has packed into a span of time so brief, changes so sweeping and momentous. The tendency is towards freedom. The painstaking efforts to attain, whether in the political or in the economic fields, some more formal and logical unity have yielded meager results. One cannot as yet measure the ultimate influence which the League, with its wider obligations, may exert on the ties and concept of Empire. One asks, as one listens to the firm assertion by the South African premier of a Dominion's right to declare its neutrality while Great Britain is at war, whether anything of the older definition of Empire has survived. And yet, though it sounds like a paradox, this amorphous collection of independent nations, which thrives, without logic, and works without a constitution, has probably gained in loyalty, and even in coherence, in spite, and even because of these changes.

Professor Hall, in this useful book, has attempted the difficult task of writing a reasoned history of the development of the Empire during these thirty years. His method throughout the greater part of the book is to present us with summarized chronicles of the main course of events bearing on the relations of center and circumference in each part of the world. The story, from the Boer War to Amritsar and the emergence of the Irish Free State from the squalid exploits of the Black-and-Tans, is as eventful as it is painful. Professor Hall is as fair-minded as he is accurate. He does not minimize the record of blundering and wrong, but he does full justice to the tardy wisdom which usually retrieved the initial errors. He is, if anything, too tolerant towards Joseph Chamberlain's policy in South Africa, and passes too lightly over the originality and daring of Campbell-Bannerman's reconciliation. In a carefully balanced study of the British record in India, his judgment of its economic aspect may be unduly lenient. For while it may be true that the average Indian of the statistician pays only 3s. 4d. in taxes, he omits to mention that this Indian's total yearly income is £2 10s. But the chronicle has been admirably done. It was a great achievement to cover this immense and various field so adequately, so truthfully, and on the whole with such distinguished fairness. The chronicle alone makes the book indispensable to any library which includes contemporary politics and international affairs.

In his commentary, on the other hand, Professor Hall has been too modest and restrained. He summarizes in some specially useful pages the proceedings of the various conferences which have attempted to organize imperial unity—on the whole, with negative results. One asks at the end of the record for some broader essay on tendencies and problems than the author even attempts. He was unlucky, perhaps, in completing his studies before the debates at Geneva had disclosed all the perplexities which the League makes for the Empire, and the Empire for the League. The League cannot tighten its Covenant, nor will Sir Austen Chamberlain pledge the Empire to obligatory arbitration, even in justiciable disputes, because he reflects the anxieties of the Dominions over questions touching emigration. On the other hand, the adhesion of the United Kingdom to the Locarno pact, which does not bind the Dominions, has seemed to bisect the Empire into European and extra-European portions, of which one might be a belligerent and the other a neutral in some future war. Will the League in the end absorb two Empires, or the Empire prevent the consolidation of the League? Nor does Professor Hall deal adequately with this new factor in British policy, the Labor party, which has its own internationalist standpoint in such problems as this. A broader treatment of the ultimate questions would have added to the value of a useful book.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Babbilogues

The Man Who Knew Coolidge, by Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

THESE six interminable monologues are delivered by Mr. Lowell Schmaltz, of Zenith, a dealer in office supplies and a personal friend of George F. Babbitt. Mr. Schmaltz is a compendium of those average vices which lend themselves to burlesque: he is vain, pompous, amorous, tight-fisted, cruel, stupid, hypocritical, and blind to his own faults. Moreover, he is one of those buttonholing talkers who never know where they are going or when to stop, and this vice is not only harmful to his business, but ruinous to the book of which he assumes to be the hero. Almost any page of it is vastly amusing; almost any ten pages are entertaining; two of the monologues —"You Know How Women Are" and "The Basic and Fundamental Ideals of Christian American Citizenship" —are really distinguished writing; but the book as a whole is . . . unreadable. By two hundred and fifty pages, it exceeds our capacity of attention to a bore.

Besides, this headlong chase, this punitive expedition after the average American is no longer so thrilling as it was five years ago. Perhaps too many authors have joined in the sport; at any rate, the generality of readers are losing interest in a chase which, like an English stag-hunt, no longer ends with a kill. Meanwhile Mr. Lewis continues the pursuit, inspired by a hatred of Babbitt which is changing from a passion into an obsession. He still carries his flask of vitriol, but it is losing its effect with the passage of years; by some obscure process of transmutation or evaporation, it is turning into dirty water. . . .

Mr. Lewis is a very able novelist; in fact, such books as "Arrowsmith" and "Babbitt," because of his popular success, received a less serious critical attention than they probably deserved. "The Man Who Knew Coolidge" is his least admirable work. It is to be hoped that in his new novel he will happen on other weapons, and other objects, for his distinguished powers of constructive hate.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

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Man's Quest for Social Guidance

IT HAS become the custom in certain circles to speak of those disciplines which aim to aid man in his quest for social guidance as the *"so-called* social sciences." The term of derision is acceptable to those who have pinned their faith to one or all of the so-called exact sciences, meaning thereby those sciences whose objects are external, subject to controlled observation or experiment, and readily counted. The less we know, and can know, of the essence of an object, the more exact will be our science regarding it; astronomy hence becomes the most exact of all sciences. By the same token, psychology, in which the subjective self-knowledge must always play a heavy role, must remain the least exact of all the sciences. In other words, the degree to which we can abstract phenomena from the realm of experienced reality determines the degree of precision attainable in statements of scientific rules or laws. This simple view of the matter should prevent us from making easy exclusions: the burden of proof is not upon those who make valiant attempts to bring new phenomena within the sphere of scientific investigation, but rather upon those who restrict the limits of science.

Something looking toward social science has been astir ever since we have recognized the implication of Plato's suggestion that the State should be managed by metaphysicians. Francis Bacon turned a sharp corner when, in his "New Atlantis," he proposed that the affairs of state be turned over to a college of scientific investigators who would, *Deo volente,* transmute all science into social science. Of course, Bacon has never been wholly forgiven by those who hail him as the first scientifically-minded modern for his insistence that all science had and should have a utilitarian motivation. But this argument would carry us too far afield. The point to be made is this: numerous persons of integrity are devoting a prodigious amount of energy to the task of aiding man in his long quest for social guidance; whether the results of their labors are to be called science or not may be left to future historians and logicians; our task is to evaluate, sift, and winnow this mass of material until it yields its clues; meager they may be, but only in this slow and developmental manner will we discover the way toward social control and sanity. The ensuing list of books in the field of the social sciences represents a selection from a much larger number in the recent lists of publishers; as it stands, the bulk is so large that the simplest characterization of each volume becomes the only practical method of treatment.

Man's Quest for Social Guidance, by Howard W. Odum. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 643 pages. $4.50.

THE volume from which this composite review takes its title represents an attempt to furnish a text for a full college course in social problems. So far as I know, nothing so comprehensive has been attained before, although Park and Burgess set the example with their amazing *tour de force* ("Introduction to the Science of Sociology") in the field of general sociology as far back as 1921. Professor Odum begins with a launching forth of teacher and student on an analysis of this abiding quest of man to find a satisfying way of social living. The trail follows through ethics, philosophy, social psychology, social pathology, social organization, and social control. Specific social problems, such as race relationships, the family, immigration, children, education, government, etc., receive the attention of entire chapters. And, from the point of view of the prospective teacher, it should be said that each chapter concludes with a series of excellent suggestions, projects and references. The final chapter consists of sixty-two pages of references selected from the literature of the last decade and a half. There are no footnotes, no unnecessary clutterings of facts easily obtainable elsewhere; and the style is popular, free, non-pedantic.

The Science of Social Relationships, by Hornell Hart. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 664 pages. $4.50.

ALTHOUGH Professor Hart calls his book an introduction to sociology, it will not be easily recognized as such by the orthodox. He has, indeed, created a new *genre* for textbook writers. In 1912 C. A. Ellwood wrote a book called "Sociology in its Psychological Aspects," and so far has the psychological impact carried that Hart might properly have called his volume "Psychology in its Sociological Aspects." The question with which Professor Hart begins his study, namely, What do we expect from human relationships? leads him to the simple, sensible hypothesis: *The motive of life is to function.* Man functions upon two levels, physical and mental, and his desires for functioning lead to expansive, explorative, creative, or to maladjusted, baulked, painful experience. All types of functioning may lead to social contexts, and therefore the task of the social sciences is to indicate the pathway of good human experience. Integrative personalities, precipitating integrative social experience, represent the formula for apt, fitting functioning. This over-simplified statement of Professor Hart's thesis does scant justice to his painstaking and inductive method of approach. His book needs no comparison; it stands alone and possesses its own integrity as a work of science and as a brave experiment in textbook writing.

Introduction to Sociology, Edited by Jerome Davis and Harry Elmer Barnes. New York: D. C. Heath and Company. 926 pages. $4.48.

THE clue to this ample and solid volume may probably be found in the definition of sociology which one of its authors hazards: "the science which attempts to describe the origin, growth, structure, and functioning of group life by the operation of geographical, biological, psychological, and cultural forces operating in interpenetration through a process of evolution." Social results and phenomena are thus treated as behavioristic responses to these conditioning forces, which may be called the total stimulating environment. In addition to the editors, five other specialists collaborate, namely, Ellsworth Huntington (geography), F. H. Hankins (biology), L. L. Bernard (psychology), Malcolm M. Willey (cultural heritage), and Seba Eldridge (social organization). Professor Barnes furnishes the historical, genetic approach to the study of society in eight introductory chapters, and Professor Davis concludes with nine chapters dealing with social problems. Three distinctive qualities characterize this work: (a) its inclusiveness, (b) its attempts at viewing social phenomena in both objective and integrative terms, and (c) the high standard of its specialized contributions.

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Recent Developments in the Social Sciences, Edited by E. C. Hayes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 427 pages. $3.50.

SCIENTISTS, and especially social scientists, should be expected to give accounts of themselves at given intervals, if for no other reason than to precipitate mental inventories of themselves and their followers. The wholesome aspect of the volume under consideration is its underlying assumption that at least seven of the social sciences have a common focus; since the seven specialists who represent these varying disciplines (sociology, anthropology, psychology, economics, political science, history, and cultural geography) must have worked in isolation, this common focus never appears explicitly in the volume. In another respect, this collaboration falls short of its title: instead of analyzing the more recent developments in the various social sciences, it brings each up to date in an historical sense. Its chief value, then, lies in the fact that it traces separate trends and emphases of more recent date.

The Polish Peasant in Europe and America, by W. I. Thomas and F. Znaniecki. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Two vols. 2,250 pages. $15.

THE republication of this sociological classic in a two-volume edition constitutes one of the major events of the season. No one interested in social experience and research need now be without this distinguished work. Fortunately, the text has not been abridged, but its usefulness has been greatly enhanced by the addition of an elaborate index. The original five-volume edition is already so well known among scholars everywhere that commendation is no longer necessary.

Case Studies in Community Organization, by Walter W. Pettit. New York: The Century Company. 345 pages. $2.25.

PROFESSOR PETTIT and his colleagues have indicated a new method for teaching that branch of sociology which deals with the processes of the local community. They have been experimenting with case records of community life resulting from the direct observation of a social worker, and their experience is now made available to other teachers and students. The volume consists of sequential observations in five communities in which various types of community action are portrayed. By studying, analyzing and discussing these case-histories, the student, presumably, creates the motivation for discovering the sociological principles involved. In addition to its pedagogical fitness, this volume possesses the merit of having met the test of actual classroom use.

Social Mobility, by Pitirim Sorokin. New York: Harper and Brothers. 559 pages. $4.

Contemporary Sociological Theories, by Pitirim Sorokin. New York: Harper and Brothers. 785 pages. $4.

OF Sorokin, who adds to American sociological thought the sweep and intensity of his native Russia, it may be said that he has written in a relatively short space of time three excellent books, two of which are historical in treatment and one of which is a direct contribution to social theory. "Social Mobility" represents, I venture to predict, a new departure in both theory and research. In his "Sociology of Revolution," he pointed out the relatively abnormal aspects of vertical social mobility (or immobility), while in his present work he seeks to discover the laws of that kind of mobility which characterizes modern

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society. His conclusions are based upon inductions from valid facts, and when he brings his exceptional powers of generalization to bear, he achieves notable results. His review of sociological theories of the past sixty or seventy years is likewise infused with a fine sense for discrimination and generalization. In this later volume he reveals a breadth of scholarship which is so often lacking in the work of our native social critics. His writings are among that smaller list which *must* be read.

Readings in Urban Sociology, by Scott E. W. Bedford. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 903 pages. $5.

COMPILED and selected readings made easily available for students are probably an American invention, a response of the teacher on behalf of busy students whose schedules embrace numerous subjects. If this is the purpose of reading, that is, to take the place of individual reference and searching, the task must be well done if anything like scholarly results are to be anticipated. Professor Bedford has, it seems to me, met every test which might be applied to a collection of readings. He has brought together and arranged in orderly fashion over five hundred selections from writings on the city. Added to this is a well classified bibliography, questions for discussion, and suggestions for field trips, following each of the nine chapters, three useful appendices and an excellent index. For completeness, range and choice of material this is a book which will not soon be surpassed.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

Oberland, by Dorothy M. Richardson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE ninth volume of Miriam Henderson's "Pilgrimage" finds her in Switzerland. The book, like its predecessors, is given over to Miriam's sensations, her impressions, her physical and sentimental responses to a relatively unexciting world. She spends a fortnight in a modest Swiss hotel, recuperating from overwork. Her stay is outwardly lacking in drama. Yet, in spite of the absence of action, these pages fairly dance with vitality. Miss Richardson's heroine lives at a pitch of intensity that casts enchantment over the commonest things. She has preserved the innocency of a child, so that experiences of small moment to a sophisticated adult have for her a blade-like sharpness, finely conveyed. The novel has the detail of Proust, without the fatiguing effect of Proustian society. It has the living quality of Virginia Woolf, without her careful pattern. One does not miss a sense of design here, however. One shrinks from the thought of it, as tending to shorten the Pilgrimage. And that one desires only to go on, like life.

B. D.

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